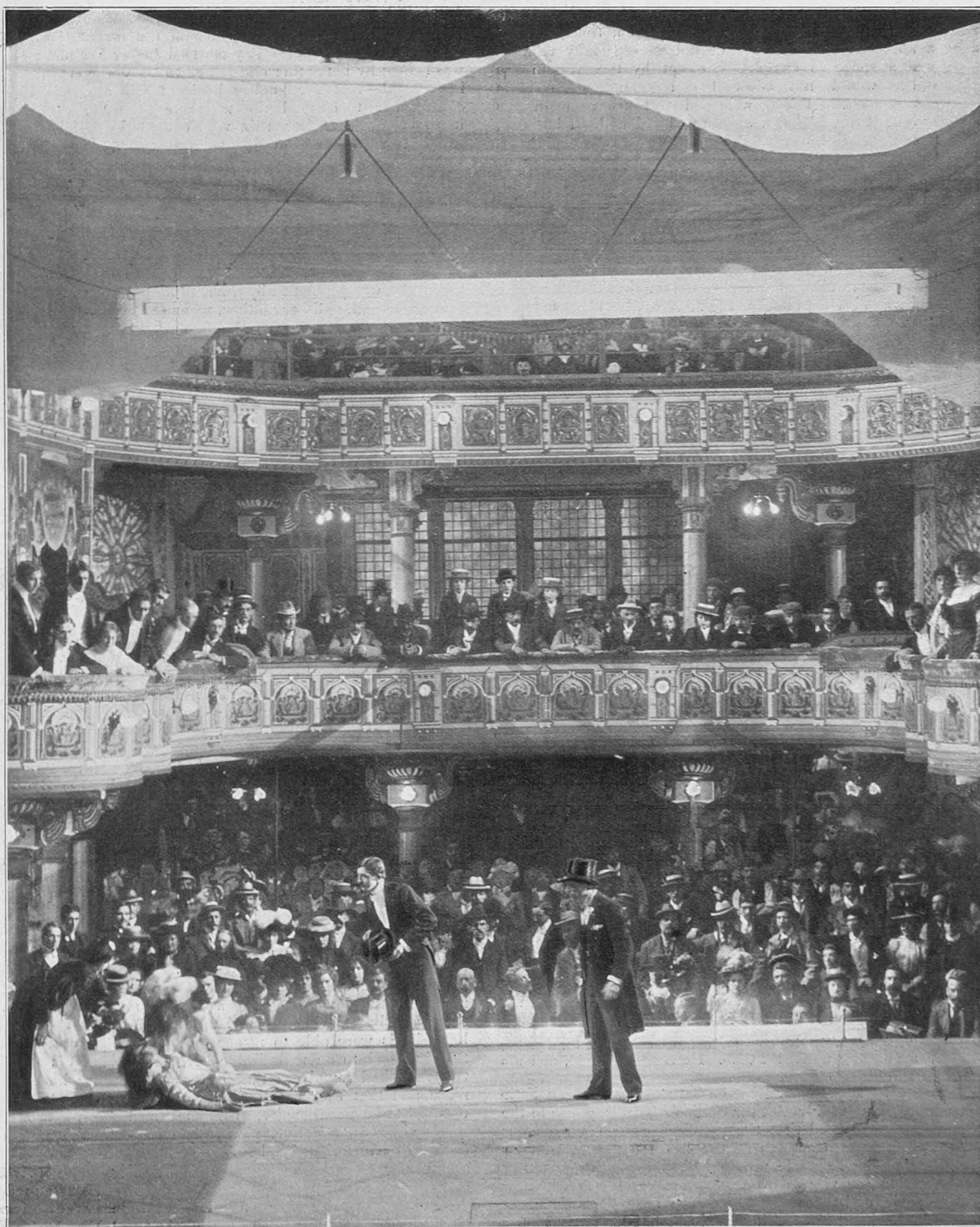




No. 347.—VOL. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



Miss Dora Barton faints.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh (in the box).

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," AT DRURY LANE: THE THEATRE WITHIN A THEATRE.

This great scene shows a theatre within a theatre. Dora (Miss Dora Barton) consents to do a turn at the Frivolity Music-Hall by way of earning money for her mother, Lady Winifred Crosby (Miss Violet Vanbrugh). The above photograph (taken under great disadvantages by Lyd. Sawyer, of Regent Street, W.) shows the dramatic ending of this triumph of stage effect.

THE CLUBMAN.

The Prince of Wales, passing through London, dined in the public room of one of the big restaurants, and afterwards sat and smoked his cigar in the lounge. There is only one reason for his Royal Highness not dining in public in London, as he does at Homburg and Wiesbaden, and that is that Londoners have not yet learnt that it is bad form to mob our royalties. Which is the reason, also, why I do not give the name of the restaurant honoured by the Prince's presence.

Sir George White, who sailed on Saturday for the Cape, has been, since his return from India, where he ran up the ladder of promotion to the dignity of Commander-in-Chief, a familiar figure in Pall Mall and the Service Clubs, to two of which he belongs; but he is better known in Simla and Calcutta than he is in London. When "Bobs" marched to avenge Cavagnari's death, never a despatch came home that had not mentioned in it of the Major of Highlanders, and "the gallant Major White" became a stock phrase in the accounts of the Special Correspondents. He bore a charmed life; twice, at least, he looked down the muzzle of a gun aimed at him by an Afghan, and each time his life was saved by a miss-fire. At Sherpur he did an especially reckless deed. There was a space so completely swept by the Afghan fire that Major White would not allow his Highlanders to cross it; but he went himself. Taking a loaded rifle from one of his men, he went straight at the Afghans, who turned and fled, all but one, who took careful aim at Major White. The Afghan's jezail missed fire, and Major White shot him through the head. Sir George White is blessed with a very charming and accomplished wife, and, during his term as Commander-in-Chief, the entertainments at Snowdon, the chief's residence at Simla, quite overshadowed those at the Viceregal Lodge.

Of the men who are going out with Sir George White, one has an outstanding account to settle with the Boers. Colonel Ian Hamilton, whose portrait by Sargent was on the wall of the New Gallery this summer, was with General Colley at Majuba, and on that disastrous day received a dreadful wound which, but for the marvels of modern surgery, would have lost him entirely one of his arms. Colonel Duff, of the Indian Staff Corps, who is also going out, has the reputation of being the cleverest man in the Indian Army. Seven years ago, as a Captain who had just gone through the Staff College, he was sent as an Attaché to Simla, that the authorities might see what stuff was in him. He is now a full Colonel and the Assistant Military Secretary for Indian Affairs at the Horse Guards. Major Hammersley, another volunteer, is a well-known athlete and polo-player.

The Clubs have kept cool over the Dreyfus affair for several reasons, the principal one being that most English gentlemen have faith in a man like General Galliffet, whose moral courage has been shown to be as great as his physical courage, and on whose advice the President will act. The soldiers in Clubland recognise the imprudence with which Dreyfus, being a Staff officer, acted, and, though the belief in his innocence is universal, there is a feeling that it is unwise to join the hysterical shriek against France until the last word to be said by the rulers of France has been spoken.

The members of the Athenæum are finding out that there are drawbacks as well as pleasures in possessing a house which is considered an artistic model. Their frieze is now somewhat a burden to them, for they are being roundly scolded for spoiling the classical outline of the Clubhouse by the new storey which is being erected. They may plead in extenuation that even Bishops smoke nowadays, that a smoking-room is a necessity in the most straitlaced of Clubs, and that they are hiding their new storey as much as possible by putting it six feet back from the outer walls; but the lovers of the beautiful will accept no excuses.

The United Service soldiers and sailors across the way had their own little difficulties over the question of the universal cigar. In the old days, when a Colonel was looked upon in the Senior as a boy, and a stranger was not allowed to cross the door-mat, the regulations as to smoking in the Club were of the strictest; but when younger men came in as members, they wanted, so the old gentlemen complained, to smoke "all over the Club." The younger generation had its way; indeed, the Senior is becoming almost a young man's Club, while some of the other Military Clubs, notably, the Naval and Military, take a quarter of a lifetime to get into.

Apropos of the length of time that the name of a candidate has to be on the books of some of the Clubs before he has a chance of election, the following letter was addressed to a member of the Bachelors—

MY DEAR —, —Will you kindly give me your name as a seconder for a young gentleman whom I am putting up for the Club. He is two days old, and is a relation of mine—in fact, my son.

I was told in the foyer at Drury Lane on Saturday evening a little tale that amused me. One of Mr. Arthur Collins's friends, going to the theatre to see him, was informed that the popular young manager was busy looking at and engaging members of the ballet for the Christmas pantomime. Like Peeping Tom, the visitor looked through the partly opened door, hoping to see visions of female beauty. Instead, he saw three men, each some eight feet high. There is to be a dance of giants in the pantomime, and Mr. Collins was looking over some of the tall men.

A well-known artist sitting next to me in the stalls at Drury Lane became restless during the Academy scene. One of the main incidents was wrong, so he explained to me. In "Hearts are Trumps," the owner of a picture sends it to the Royal Academy without the artist's knowledge. In real life this would be impossible, for the Academy only receives pictures from the artists, not from the owners.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," AT DRURY LANE.

"Why do the people who don't know us stare at us, and those who know us turn away?" asked pretty Dora Woodberry of her guardian, Lady Winifred Crosby, as they walked through the Academy. A minute later, the ugly, beautiful truth flashed on them, for they were opposite to the sensation-picture of the year, which represented a wood-nymph; whose costume was but a few leaves and berries, but whose head was unmistakably the head of Dora Woodberry! Pale with indignation, Lady Winifred stepped forward and fiercely rebuked those who suggested that the girl had sat for the figure as well as head of the picture; then she slashed it across with a little knife from her chatelaine. The Earl of Burford asked her how she durst destroy his picture, and she answered, "Because I am her mother."

Yes, Lady Winifred Crosby, once possessor of Oak Dene and the estates, but utterly ruined owing to her solicitor's amazing ignorance of the law as to foreclosure—Lady Winifred, once cynosure of Society and deemed the unconquerable maiden, was forced on the moment to avow maternity, though unable to proclaim the marriage which hallowed it. Years before, she had secretly married Jasper Wain, a mere farmer, who was ruined by her father and forced to leave the country. Her belief—ill-founded—that her hapless husband was a criminal and in prison caused her to conceal the marriage for sake of Dora, to conceal it so utterly that her ruin was caused by Michael Wain, Jasper's brother, who, ignorant of the marriage, persecuted her as her father's daughter and forced her to poverty, aided, indeed, by her extravagance and weakness for gambling. A bitter lesson was in store for Lady Winifred. A false friend, Mrs. Angerstein, sold her a milliner's business, carried on under the name of Phrynette, on such terms that in a few hours the £1500 she paid for it—her little all—was represented by nothing but bad book-debts. Sorrows came to Lady Winifred, not single spies, but battalions, for Dora, but a child of seventeen, was persuaded by a friend to appear as an "extra turn" singer at a music-hall, and her mother, when she visited it all unprepared, found her daughter in the flare of the footlights delighting the audience, and was so startled and shocked that by her loud exclamation of horror she caused Dora to faint and created a scandal. Wiser than all these, in possibility if not result, was the danger that threatened the mother and daughter, though neither, for a while, had the least suspicion of it. For Lady Winifred had borrowed £10,000 from Leopold Kolditz, a well-known, ill-known German-Jewish money-lender, and his only security was an insurance for that sum upon Dora's life. It was not surprising that a money-lender who did business in such fantastic fashion should find himself, after a little while, as keenly pressed for money by others as his debtors were by him, and that, when Lady Winifred was ruined, he cast about for some way of getting back his £10,000, to say nothing of his interest. Now, it was said by his friends, of course with bated breath, that early in his career sudden death had overtaken one whose life was prejudicial to him, and so it was not strange that, when little Dora Woodberry's life stood between him and the money he needed, he should have done more than wish she should have the fate assigned by Plautus to those whom the gods love. The scheme that occurred to him is one which has led to several celebrated trials, and probably to many tragedies that have never given rise to suspicion. If he could lure her to Switzerland, among the mountains he might find a chance of pushing her over the precipice, and nobody would be the wiser.

But he forgot the warning given by the maiden to the youth who was monotonously eloquent about "Excelsior." Mrs. Angerstein, at the moment when Dora's mother quarrelled with her concerning the music-hall episode, induced the girl to go abroad with her. A few forged telegrams caused Dora to visit Switzerland, and, at last, one day she and the man were alone on the mountain. Just as he was about to push her into Eternity, the artist who had painted the horrible picture appeared, seeking to save her from the fate he dreaded, and thus the villain for the moment was baffled; but a few minutes after, when the three were roped together, with the girl in the middle, the other man slipped, and Kolditz's strength was needed to save the two. Callously he undid the rope. The girl found a foothold, but could not resist the weight of the artist, who at the supreme moment sacrificed himself and cut the rope that chained her to him, and left her safe. A moment later, down came the avalanche, sweeping Kolditz away from the world, but leaving the girl untouched and in such a position that her friends were able to rescue her. Fortunately, the rescue did not take her back to an undesirable life, for Michael Wain had discovered the truth, had found out that he was persecuting his sister-in-law and niece, and that they were guiltless of offence against his brother. He chanced to be a millionaire, so they all lived happy ever after.

A vigorous, effective, picturesque piece is the new Drury Lane drama of which Mr. Cecil Raleigh is the author, and in its three big spectacular effects—the Royal Academy scene, the Frivolity Theatre scene, and the avalanche—even more remarkable than its predecessors, and certain to attract the crowd. An excellent performance is given, noticeable chiefly perhaps for the very powerful acting of Miss Violet Vanbrugh in the chief part, the pretty and easy playing by Miss Dora Barton as Dora Woodberry, and the vivid presentation by Mr. Dagnall of the wicked Kolditz. Praise also is due to Miss Beatrice Ferrar, ingenious in humour as a vulgar, good-hearted music-hall artist. Miss Dolores Drummond, Miss Louise Moodie, Mr. W. Devereux, and Mr. Cooper Cliffe were of value, and an effective, picturesque performance was given by Mr. Lionel Brough.

E. F. S.

"HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.

From Photographs by Lyd Sawyer, Regent Street, W.

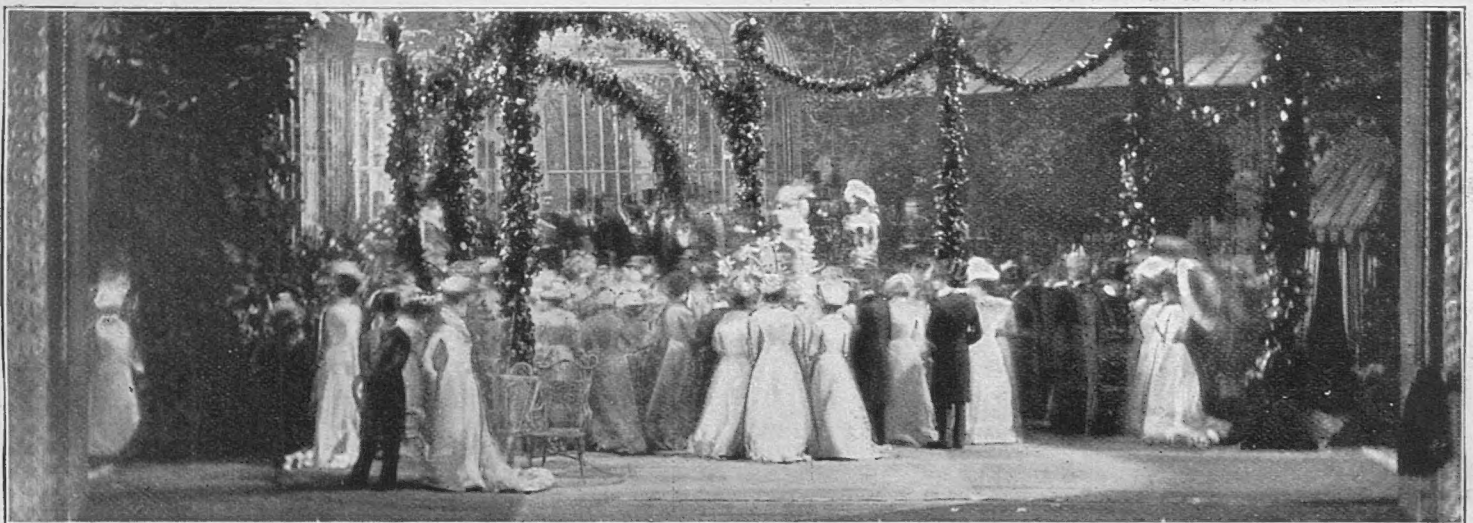


Mr. Lionel Brough.

Miss Violet Vanbrugh.

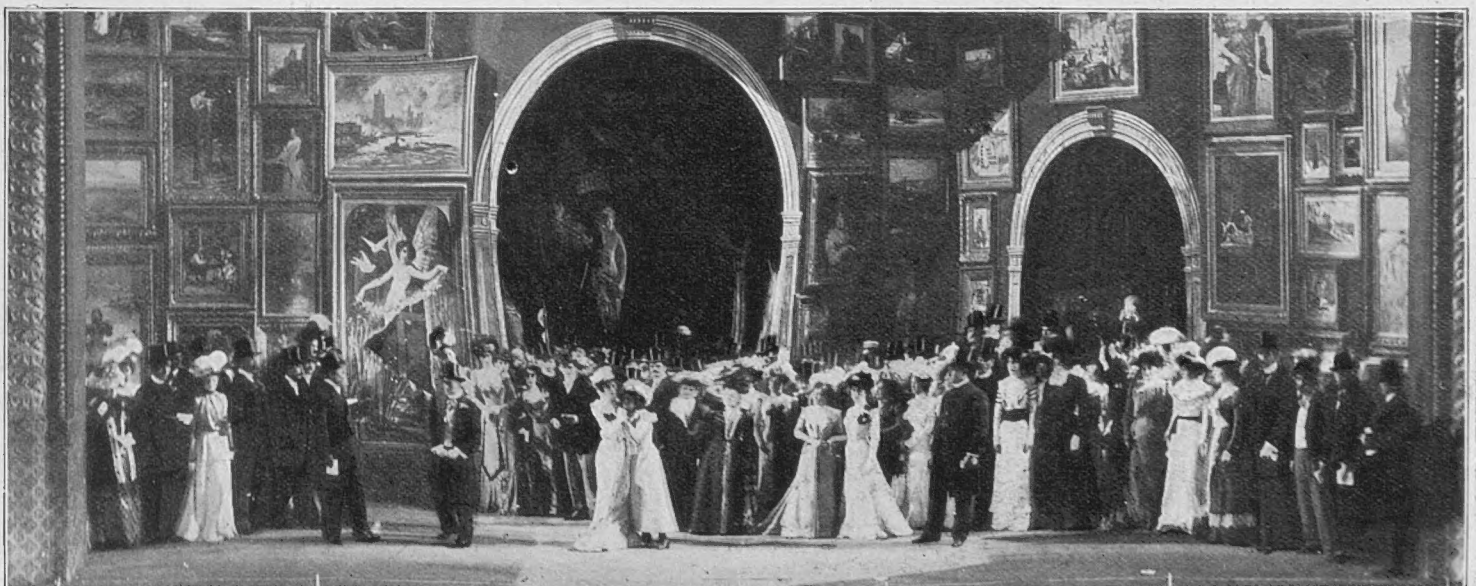
THE GAMBLING PARTY AT OAK DENE HALL, THE HOUSE OF LADY WINIFRED CROSBY (MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH).

Michael Wain (Lionel Brough), brother-in-law to Lady Winifred Crosby by a secret marriage, of which he is himself unaware, declares his intention of turning Lady Winifred out of her old home, Oak Dene Hall, by right of a mortgage which he holds, and Lady Winifred falls senseless at the threat.



THE ROYAL BOTANICAL GARDENS.

Where Dora (Miss Dora Barton), the so-called ward of Lady Winifred, takes first prize in the Floral Procession for her beautifully decorated car. (This and the other Photographs by Mr. Sawyer were taken under great difficulties, whilst the dress-rehearsal was in progress.)



Mr. Lionel Brough. Lord Burford. Lady Winifred and Dora. Mr. Cooper Cliffe (Dora's lover).

THE GREAT SCENE IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

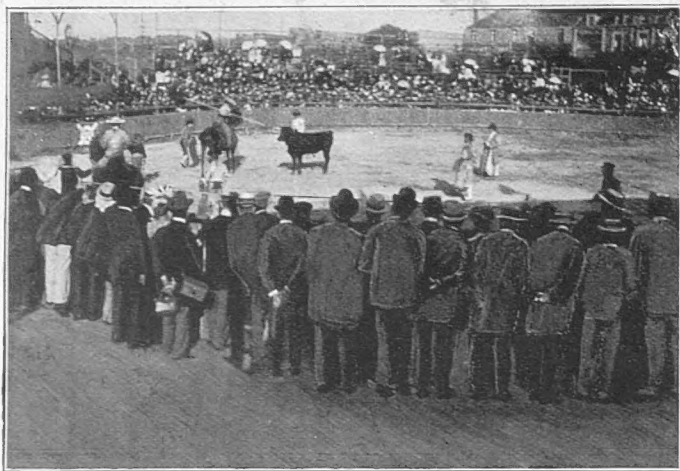
The villainous Lord Burford (Mr. John Tresahay) persuades an artist to put a wood-nymph's body to a painting of Dora's head, and then sends the picture to the Royal Academy. Lady Winifred and Dora, finding themselves cut by everybody at the private view, inquire the cause, and the picture is 'pointed' out to them. Lady Winifred destroys the picture, and declares herself to be Dora's mother.

THE BULL-FIGHTING AT BOULOGNE.

There is no need to recount all the loathsome details of this so-called fight. The Press on all sides has turned its search-lights on the lurid scene, and shown us the pitiful exhibition in its true colours. One need not ask how it became the national sport of Spain. The magnetism of a

little while, it is with the greatest difficulty that he can restrain himself from vaulting into the arena and taking sides with the helpless and tortured animal.

The bull shows no signs of ferocity. His cries of agony are, I notice, usually reported as roars of defiance. They are nothing of the kind. They are not distinguishable from the plaintive lowings of a cow. Somehow, I could not help feeling that the poor animal looked upon the

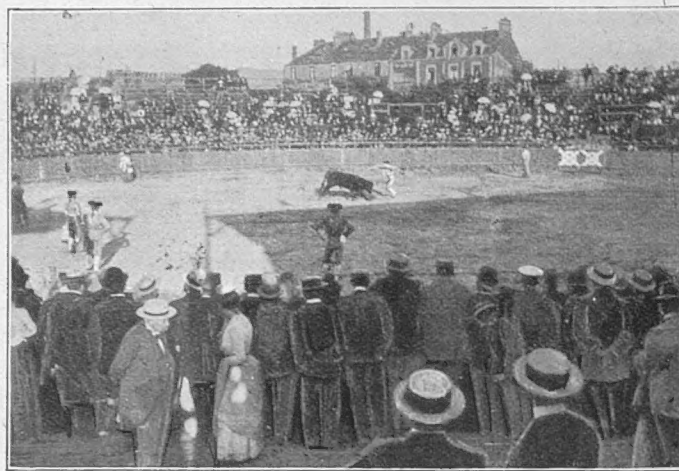


THE PICADOR INFLICTS THE FIRST WOUND.

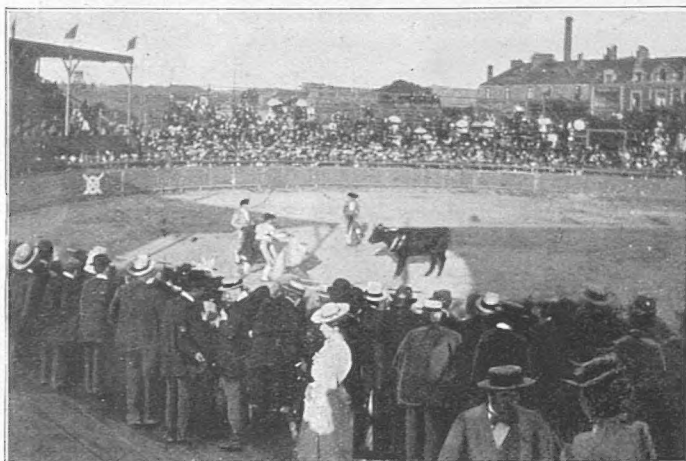
crowd, roaring, glaring, gesticulating, infects the performers; and, when thus stimulated, their excitement reaches a wild frenzy which reacts on the spectators. Moreover, the whole becomes merely a game of points, a series of alternating failures and successes; and one may admit, in fairness, that the Spaniard overlooks the gruesome incidents and centres his interest in the points made or missed. But, with the Englishman,

whole paraphernalia as adjuncts to a mere game, a harmless frolic; and his look of dismay when disillusioned by the picador's spear (which, I noticed, was twisted from side to side in the wound, causing a red gush and cascade on the shoulder as big as one side of a saddle)—his look of dismay, I say, was most painful to behold.

On feeling this thrust, the wretched animal stood fairly dazed for a

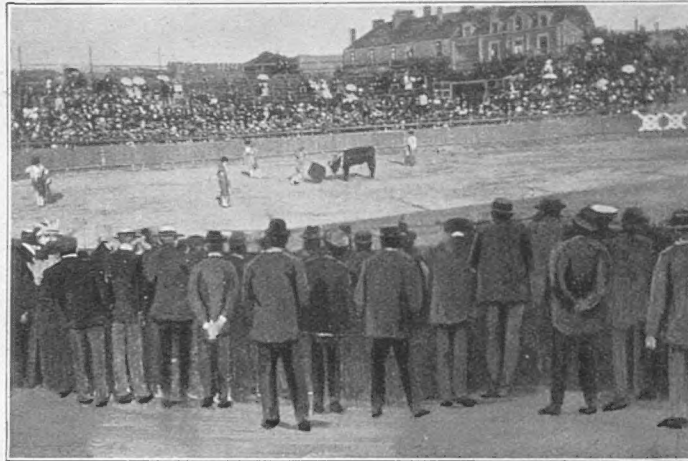


THE BANDERILLERO.



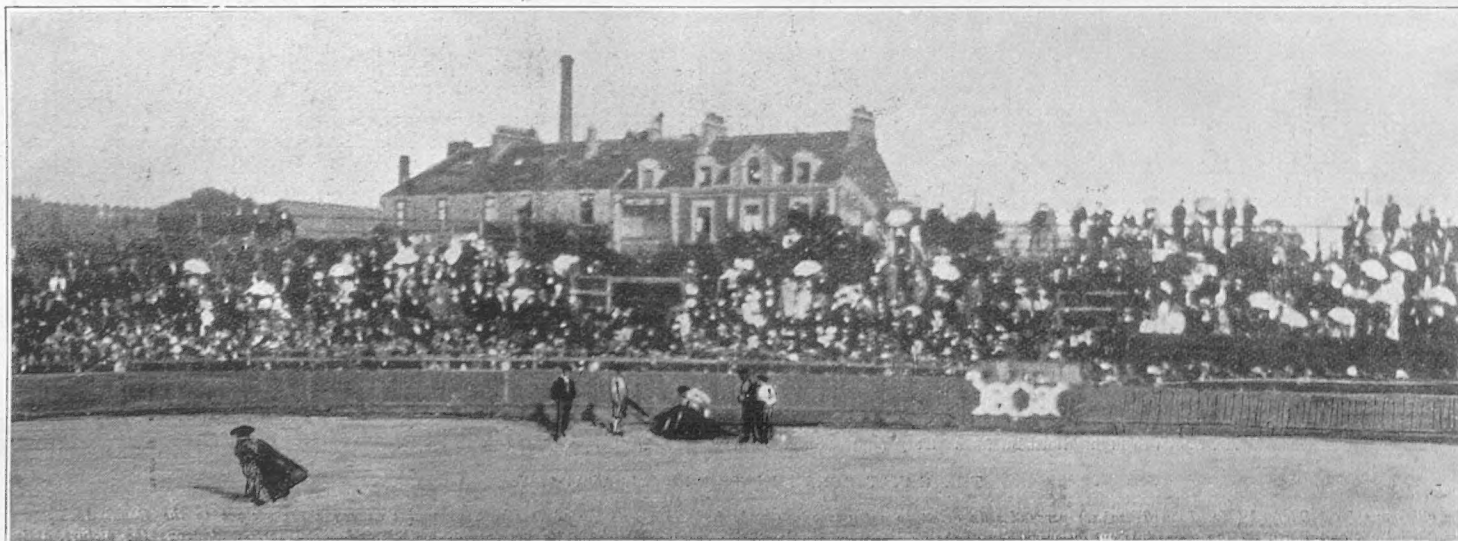
TORMENTING THE BULL AFTER THE INSERTION OF THE BANDERILLAS.

and with all to whom such scenes are new, this aspect is impossible. He beholds simply the agonising tortures inflicted upon what is, to all appearances, a tame animal. He views the exhibition with a loathing that not always stops short of actual sickness. The hot anger he would feel at the sight of children so torturing a pet goat is intensified on his observing that the performers are grown men; and, after a



THE MATADOR, WITH CLOAK OVER THE SWORD, BIDDING HIS TIME FOR THE THRUST.

moment, and then staggered to the barrier and literally flung himself over it and into the narrow way. Here those in the front row of the promenade struck and drove him, as he hurried, hoping to escape his tormentors, back once more into the torturing arena. His look on finding himself back among what he seemed to regard as his cruel playmates I shall never forget. The end, which I shall not describe, soon came.



THE DEATH OF THE BULL.



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	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B	A	B
Victoria ...	8 10	9 0	9 25	9 50	10 5	10 40	10 40	11 0	11 5	11 15	11 40	12 15	12 15	12 15	12 15	12 15
*Kensington ...	7 20	8 45	9 10	9 35	...	10 10	...	New	11 10
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ROBERT G. COLHOUN, Traffic Manager.

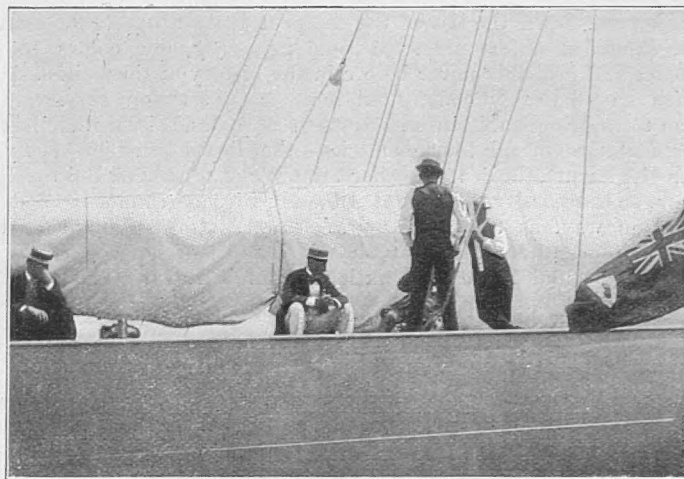
SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

Sir Archibald Edmondstone, Bart, who is this week entertaining the Prince of Wales, the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, and other distinguished guests at Duntreath Castle, his seat in Stirlingshire, is the fifth baronet in line. He was born in 1867, succeeded to the baronetcy in 1888, and married, in 1895, Ada, daughter of Mr. George Stewart Forbes, a well-known London banker. Within recent years Sir Archibald has effected many improvements on the Castle, which is ideally situated about a mile distant from Blancfield Station, and is reached by a long and beautiful avenue. Ranges of hills flank the Castle on each side, and a long and picturesque strath, extending nearly to Ben Lomond, completes the splendid situation of the house. The estate is richly stocked with various kinds of game, and visitors to Duntreath always enjoy capital sport in the season. His Royal Highness arrived at Duntreath on Tuesday morning, and remains till Saturday, when he goes to Abergeldie.

To the student of Society, one of the most interesting volumes in the world is the Balmoral Visitors' Book, in which each guest who has actually stayed at the Castle is always asked to write his or her name. It need hardly be said that there is a different book at each royal residence; but peculiar interest attaches to the Balmoral Visitors' Book, for—with the exception of various members of the Government who have occasion to see the Sovereign on matters of State—all those invited to Balmoral are *persona grata* with the Queen. Another interesting volume is kept in the hall at Balmoral; in this second Visitors' Book, those who drive over from the neighbouring country-houses inscribe their names as a mark of respect. This book is always placed, each morning, in the Queen's room, and is carefully examined by her, in order that she may see who is staying on Deeside. What a delightful account might be written of the various Visitors' Books kept at our great country-houses! The value attached to some volumes was shown on the occasion of Mr. Astor's and the Duke of Westminster's struggle over the Cliveden's Visitors' Book.

It is generally understood that the Queen has so settled the Balmoral demesne that it will pass with the Crown, for her Majesty is naturally desirous that her beautiful Northern home should become the residence of the future Sovereign. It is curious that none of her Majesty's sons, with the exception of the Prince of Wales, have ever cared to own a Scottish estate. The Prince of Wales spent a portion of each year during his early married life at Birkhall, but, very shortly after he acquired Sandringham, he parted with all the land which he owned in Scotland to the Queen. Now, the only one of her Majesty's descendants who has a home in Scotland is the Duchess of Fife, and it was while the Prince and Princess of Wales were at Birkhall that they became intimate

with the Countess of Fife, a charming, cultured woman, to whom the Prince and Princess were much attached. Of course, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, is by marriage a Scotchwoman, but both her



Sir Thomas Lipton.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON THE "SHAMROCK."

Royal Highness and Lord Lorne are quite content, when in Scotland, to occupy Roseneath, a pretty place in Dumbartonshire belonging to the Duke of Argyll.

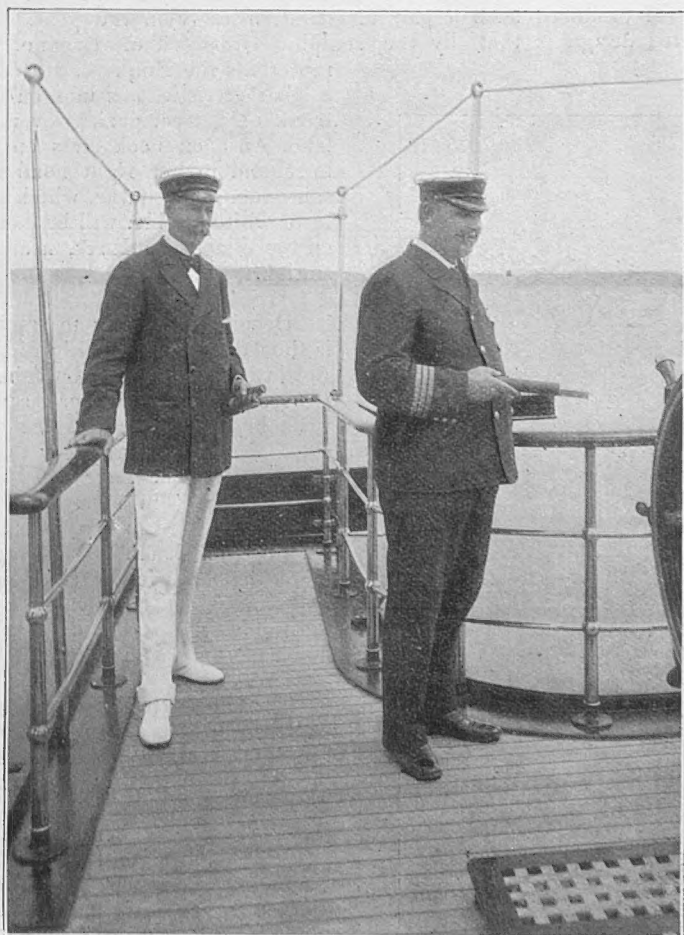
Lord and Lady Tweedmouth's house-party at Guisachan has been brought together with a special view to deer-stalking. Lady Tweedmouth was quite devoted to this form of sport long before it became the fashion for ladies to go in for big game, and each of her husband's beautiful places contains splendid trophies of her patience and skill. The deer-forests around Guisachan include thirty-seven thousand acres of forested land, of which sixteen thousand acres belong to the estate, the rest being rented by Lord Tweedmouth. All the late Duchess of Marlborough's daughters are good sportswomen, and their tastes in this respect have gone down to a younger generation, although the present Duchess contents herself with having a very pretty seat on horseback and taking a very special interest in the various breeds of dogs for which Blenheim is famed.

It is rather curious that sport should be taken up so seriously by the most feminine type of the modern woman—that is, by the "smart" young matrons who seem to live only for amusement. Mrs. Alan Gardner, the pretty, delicate-looking daughter of Sir James Bligh, has hunted big game—tigers, lions, and bears—in the four quarters of the globe, and she is as steady a shot as is Colonel Gardner himself.

The Duchess of Cleveland, after entertaining friends at Battle Abbey during a portion of the summer, has now left England for Russia. Her Grace last year made an expedition to India, but to most people Russia is, to all intents and purposes, a less-explored country. The Duchess, who has long been keenly interested in the great religious foundations of the world, will make a tour of the more famous Greek Orthodox monasteries. The Duchess of Cleveland (once Lady Wilhelmina Stanhope) is a contemporary of the Queen, and she is now the sole survivor of the bevy of beautiful girls who carried their Sovereign's train at the latter's Coronation. She was also chosen to be one of the Queen's bridesmaids. Her marriage to Lord Dalmeny occurred in 1843. After his death she became the wife of the last Duke of Cleveland, who died some eight years ago. It is from his mother that Lord Rosebery inherits his strong literary tastes. The Duchess has published several books, of which perhaps the best-known is "The Roll of Battle Abbey," a work of the highest interest and value to the genealogical student.

Sir Thomas Lipton has already learnt the art, the first requisite of the owner of a racer, of saying a great deal without telling anything. In answer to requests for the straight tip, I may say that, if anything beats *Shamrock*, it will be *Columbia*, and that the Lipton flier will give the American crack any amount of trouble. *Shamrock* has plenty of propelling power, and, though fond of yawing, has graceful action. *Columbia* is narrow in front, but possesses speed, and *stays*, and has come well through her trials. Without giving away private information, I may state that I star *Shamrock* (a one-yacht snip) to lift the cup, if not beaten by *Columbia*, which may be backed for a place.

London, says the *Poster*, is, of all towns, "regarded as incomparably the most fascinating." It does not say what it is fascinating to, and, of course, may or may not mean to the microbe or the Italian assassin. It goes on to say that London, "like a coy maiden, will not yield up its charms to the passer-by." If any reader has found London yield up its charms to him, and will communicate with this office at once (with corroborative evidence), he will hear of something to his advantage.



Sir Thomas Lipton.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON ON BOARD THE "ERIN."

Photo by Critch, Southsea.

Sir George Hayter's portrait of the Queen, lately presented by Her Majesty to the nation, has not yet been handed over to the Trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. It remains still at Kensington Palace, where, I understand, it is now being copied. The picture, which portrays Her Majesty seated in her Coronation robes, appears as a frontispiece to Sir Herbert Maxwell's book, entitled "Sixty Years a Queen." It is stated that the portrait by Sir David Wilkie, offered to the Trustees for purchase by the Marquis of Normanby, is not considered by the Queen a representative likeness of herself. Hence her gift.

In glancing down the list of the compact little army to be sent to Africa, should it unfortunately become necessary, one comes to the conclusion that probably never before in the history of the British Army has such an admirably constituted force been sent on service. In addition to the English, Irish, and Scottish Brigades, the Fusilier Brigade is representative of all four countries—the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), the Scots Fusiliers, the Welsh Fusiliers, and the Irish Fusiliers. Of necessity, the Light Infantry Brigade cannot be made up in the same way, as there are no Welsh or Irish regiments of that branch; but even here the Scottish Rifles and Durham Light Infantry have a place, as also the old Sixtieth (King's Royal Rifles) and the Rifle Brigade.

The 1st Cavalry Brigade is also thoroughly representative, for the old "Union Brigade" of Waterloo and Crimean days—the "Royals," "Scots Greys" (now "The Czar's Regiment"), and "Inniskillings"—has been reconstituted. While the "Royals" and "Greys" have not been abroad since the Russian War, the "Inniskillings"—now a "medium" regiment—went to India in 1858, saw service in the Boer War of 1881, and formed part of Sir Charles Warren's Bechuanaland expedition in 1884-5. The 2nd Cavalry Brigade is a "blue" one, and here "gallant little Wales" scores, for two of the three regiments are "The Prince of Wales's Own Royal" Hussars—the famous "Baker's Light Bobs," of which his Royal Highness is Honorary Colonel, the late Duke of Clarence also having served for several years in the corps, in which he held the rank of Major at his death—and "The Prince of Wales's Royal" Lancers, known to "Tommy" as "The Supple Twelfth." The third regiment is the Carabiniers, the corps in which the ill-fated Roger Tichborne once held a commission, which fact is signalled by its nickname of "Tichborne's Own," though the Sixth is more commonly called "The Carbs." The 13th Hussars, to be employed among the "Corps Troops," are the old-time 13th Light Dragoons, and as such formed part of Lord Cardigan's brigade in the ever-memorable charge at Balaklava.

Naval officers far and near, especially those of the younger generation, will be sorry to hear of the series of inevitable changes which are about to take place among the officers of the *Britannia*, the cadets' training-ship at Dartmouth. Most important of all is the approaching change of captain. Captain the Hon. Assheton G. Curzon-Howe, C.B., C.M.G., has endeared himself to all with whom he has come in contact during the two and a-half years that he has been in command. He is most popular. An instance of his tact and kindly feeling may be quoted. When Mr. Goschen and the other Lords of the

Admiralty recently visited the ship, Captain Curzon-Howe went out of his way to do what no other captain has ever done, I will wager. He seized a favourable opportunity to introduce in turn all the warrant officers of the ship to Mr. Goschen. It can be readily understood how



A FEW OF THE OFFICERS OF THE 1ST BATTALION LEICESTERSHIRE REGIMENT: TAKEN AT LADYSMITH CAMP, NATAL.

highly this honour was appreciated by these subordinate officers, all of them promoted from the lower deck for sheer merit. By little acts of which this is an illustration, Captain Curzon Howe has won the hearts of everyone on board the ship.

Lieutenant Peary, who, according to one paper, is a "marvellously cool man" (Arctic explorers generally are when engaged in their vocation), says he "wonders whether a man's life is not really safer in the Arctic regions than in one of the great cities of the civilised world." Of course, what with our cab risks, underground asphyxiation, and bicycle "scorching," the crew of the *Windward* may well have often exclaimed, "Heaven help the poor people in London to-night!" And what is an odd toe or a finger or two? People can't stand on your corns or treat on your toes if you haven't got any. Then they could not have had that excessive heat of the last month, and the probability of an ice-famine might be neglected. In the whole expedition there is but one unsatisfactory feature—they did not get to the Pole. By this they would have put a stop to record-breaking in one direction, and earned several nations' gratitude.

At Geneva next spring will be unveiled a monument to the memory of the late Empress Elizabeth of Austria, whose assassination there by Luccheni produced such a painful sensation early in the year. The approved design is that by the sculptor Ghiatterri, of Lugano. It represents the Empress, seated in a characteristic attitude on the trunk of a tree, gazing over the lake. An open book rests on her knee, and in her right hand is a sunshade. The statue, which is to be of white marble, will be erected on the Place des Rises, near the station.

Deeply interesting to smokers is the small book issued by Messrs. Bewlay and Co., entitled "Tobacco Leaves." The writer says—"Smokers of cigarettes are like the Chinese, they multiply everywhere they place their foot; they are 'celestial' in more than one way, and there is no means of keeping them back." Which is so much the better for Messrs. Bewlay and Co., whose excellent smokes, by the way, are calculated to do much more good than harm.

The quaint old Dulwich Picture Gallery, in the College Road, has just received an addition to its art treasures. It is not a "St. Sebastian," nor a gem "after the school of Rubens," but the portrait of the late Rev. William Rogers ("Hang Theology Rogers"), by Mr. Cope, which in November 1894 was presented by Lord Rosebery to Mr. Rogers on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday.



THE OLD AND NEW DOPPER (OR LOW DUTCH) CHURCHES AT PRETORIA. THE NEW ONE WAS OPENED ON CHRISTMAS DAY, 1897, BY PRESIDENT KRUGER, AND IT IS HERE THAT THE PRESIDENT OFTEN PREACHES.

Photo by Jones, Durban.

The story goes that Mr. William Waldorf Astor has disposed of all his American property for the sum of £30,000,000 sterling, and, further, that the syndicate is formed of well-known British financiers, who do not intend that the property—which consists, for the most part, of valuable ground-rents in New York and Brooklyn—should be put upon the market. No one who has watched the American papers during the last few weeks—in fact, since Mr. Astor solemnly took out letters of naturalisation in this fortunate country—can wonder that he should wish to shake the dust of his native land from off his feet. Much bitter feeling has, not unnaturally, been aroused in America by his action, and it must be admitted that we should feel displeased if the Duke of Westminster, the Duke of Bedford, or, indeed, any other of our great London ground-landlords, should become a naturalised Frenchman, and announce his intention of never visiting this country again. Accordingly, Mr. Astor is probably wise in disposing of his interest in the New World.

The present proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* has very developed literary tastes, and is a frequent contributor, as all the world knows, to the *Pall Mall Magazine*. As often as not, the eighteenth century is his favourite theme, and he seems to have really entered into the spirit of the period. Mr. Astor has done his best to make his children thoroughly English. His son, a modest, quiet youth, was very popular at Eton, where he distinguished himself as a "wet-bob," ending up his career by being what is known as "Captain of the Boats." Miss Pauline Astor has already acted as hostess at several of her father's house-parties at Cliveden, the historic place on the Thames which was purchased by Mr. Astor from the Duke of Westminster.

I rather wonder that one or other of our more enterprising magazines has not sent an artist to photograph Count Zeppelin's "air-ship." The inventor of this wonderful machine is an ex-General of Cavalry in the German Army, and has, it appears, obtained the ear of the Emperor. Certainly, even if the balloon is not quite so successful as the General fondly hopes it will be, it might, nevertheless, exercise an influence over the health of great cities. Perhaps, in the twentieth century, whenever we want a change of air we shall only have to transport ourselves and our belongings a few hundreds of yards above the place in which we happen to live. The "air-ship" is immensely big, being 144 yards in length, 20 yards in height, and 23 yards in breadth. As a means of military transport it would be invaluable. Several French military engineers have turned their attention to various forms of air-ships, but

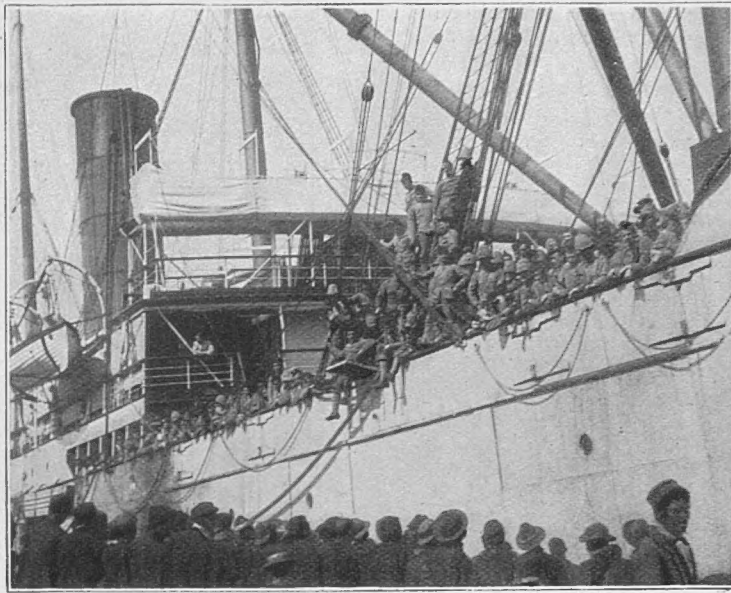
no one has ever tried to do anything on such an ambitious scale as has Count Zeppelin. His ship is to be launched in a few weeks.

The Comtesse de Paris, who is reckoned to be one of the finest *chasseuses* in the world, has set a fashion that will be imitated. Every partridge or pheasant that falls to her gun is carefully guarded, and after the day's shooting is over she selects the most beautiful feathers and forwards them to Paris for preparation. They are then passed on to the fan-maker and the modiste, to the former with the instruction to make up in such a way as it may please him a trophy of her prowess, and to the latter to use them in the decoration of her hats.

Among Russian peasants the feeling is still growing that the world is (once more) going to come to an end on Nov. 13. The Government has issued an official denial that anything of the sort will happen, but this has, not unnaturally, only increased the suspicions of the lower classes. An enterprising syndicate could realise a good dividend by buying at reduced rates property to be delivered on Nov. 14, or procuring "I.O.U.'s" for immense sums cashable on the same date.

A statistician is making out returns of the number of times during the last six months when (a) we have reached the parting of the ways; (b) the sands have run out; (c) the lion's tail has reached its breaking-point; and (d) we have put our hands to the plough and taken the bit between our teeth. These are believed to have occurred about once a week. The little work will be useful to leader-writers.

Sir Michael and Lady Hicks-Beach gave a dinner the other day to their Gloucestershire tenants in celebration of their "silver wedding," when the tenantry presented an address of congratulation and a handsome silver bowl, together with an expression of their gratification on the coming-of-age of Sir Michael's son. In acknowledging the gift, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said that, though he had been of necessity a non-resident landlord for some years, he had endeavoured to do his duty by his Gloucestershire tenants, and he rejoiced to know that they would compare favourably with those of any estate in the country. Sir Michael, speaking of two experiments now being tried at Coln, in the shape of co-operative stores and a co-operative farm, said that the former had proved an enormous blessing, and though the latter was rather uphill work, if it were found possible to apply to farming that great system of co-operation which had done so much for all other kinds of industry, it would be greatly to the advantage of the country.



THE LIVERPOOL REGIMENT ARRIVING AT DURBAN IN THE
"BRAEMAR CASTLE."

Photo by Jensen, Durban.



GENERAL VIEW OF PRETORIA: TO THE LEFT IS ONE OF THE HILLS ON WHICH THE BOER FORT IS BUILT; THE GOVERNMENT BUILDINGS ARE IN THE CENTRE OF THE VIEW.

From a Photograph by G. Stuart Jones, Durban.

Everyone who has had the opportunity of seeing that charming comedy, "The Elder Miss Blossom," played for so long at the St. James's Theatre by the Kendals, and to-day crossing the water under the same management to delight many American audiences, will be interested in the portrait of Mr. Metcalfe Wood (part author), reproduced on this page, and in that of Miss Hetta Bartlett, his bride. Let me treat of the lady first, and inform you that Miss Bartlett, who studied elocution under Allan Beaumont, at the Guildhall School of Music, and the dramatic art with Dr. Osmond Carr, made her first London appearance on the boards of Daly's Theatre, playing Cynisca in dear old "Pygmalion and Galatea." Encouraged by her success in this part, she joined Mr. Charles Hawtrey on his production of "Lord and Lady Algy," understudying Miss Compton as Lady Algy, and appearing in that character with great success. Miss Bartlett will remain with Mr. Charles Hawtrey for the present, and I shall look to her for great things in the future.

Mr. Metcalfe Wood was educated at Bath College, Bromsgrove School, and Clare College, Cambridge, taking his degree in Modern History. Like so many famous men, he started life as a schoolmaster; but, growing tired of blackboards and detention, he joined the late Miss Sarah Thorne's stock company at Margate, and first appeared as Sullivan (a small but villainous part of some dozen lines) in "The Shaughraun." Staying with Miss Thorne for some two years, and playing in every imaginable style of part, he went on tour with "Confusion," and had quite a good opening as the comic servant. Then to the Royalty with Arthur Bouchier, where he played the stutterer in "The Chili Widow," and appeared in "The Queen's Proctor," "Dearest Mamma," and so forth. With Mr. Bouchier he went to America, understudying Mr. Ernest Hendrie, and thus came about the partnership of Messrs. Ernest Hendrie and Metcalfe Wood and the writing of "The Elder Miss Blossom." This very day is Mr. Wood's wedding-day, and, in the name of *The Sketch*, I wish him and his charming bride the very best of luck.

Mr. Kyrle Bellew, who is now playing in "The Ghetto," at the Comedy Theatre, has, like many other actors, followed numerous callings in his time. In two of these he still takes a very keen interest. During his early days he became a practical gold-miner, and anything that relates to mining still has a very strong fascination for him. Consequently, he is a great reader of all sorts of scientific books, and is the possessor of a very fine microscope, with which he spends a good deal of his leisure time. He rarely indulges in novel-reading except for business purposes.



MR. METCALFE WOOD, PART-AUTHOR OF "THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM."
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

with the sole exception of Thackeray. He finds his favourite recreation, however, on the water. Years ago he followed the sea as a calling, and to-day the sea, so to speak, follows him as a hobby. He is passionately fond of sailing, and loves almost anything that will float, from a full-rigged ship to a Thames wherry—in fact, he is quite an authority on all subjects connected with navigation.

Mrs. Langtry's country residence, pictures of which appear on another page of *The Sketch*, is situate in the pretty village of Kentford, four miles from Newmarket. On the occasion of a recent visit, I was struck with the fact that it is fitted throughout with all that modern convenience and luxury could suggest. The entrance-hall has a



MISS HETTA BARTLETT, A TALENTED MEMBER OF MR. CHARLES HAWTREY'S COMPANY, WHO WILL TO-DAY BE MARRIED TO MR. METCALFE WOOD.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand

wooden parquet flooring of a very pretty and unusual design, and leads, through an oak archway, into a large oak-panelled reception-hall. There is a dog-stove with old Dutch tiles, and from this one passes to a most charming dining-room, in which is fitted a brass-mounted stove. In the drawing-room the woodwork and furniture are enamelled white, the walls being hung with green ribbed silk, and separated from the billiard-room, into which it looks, by a handsomely carved screen, enamelled white. This is shown in the second photograph, and it is understood to be these rooms which are reproduced in Mrs. Langtry's play, "The Degenerates."

The first-floor is approached by a principal gallery, oak staircase with carved newels and panelled soffit, and a large landing and corridor leads to the six principal bedrooms, each of which is fitted with enamelled white mantels and tiled hearths, the appointments being well chosen. There is, at the fringe of the pleasure-grounds, stabling for eighteen horses, and fortunate must those "gee-gees" be who find shelter therein, for better-arranged stables I have seldom seen. I believe the property formerly belonged to George, Lord Bishop of Columbia, but the "faire" owner has, even within the past three years, spent some thousands in improvements.

I hasten to repair an omission inadvertently made. The photograph of the Whitefriars Club in last week's *Sketch*, courteously sent by the Secretary of the Club, was taken by Mr. G. Martin, High Street, Warwick.

"Cyrano de Bergerac," having achieved the distinction of being the greatest success of two continents as a play, has now been turned into a comic opera, and was presented for the first time on any stage in New York on the 18th inst.

During the past season ice-manufacturers have flourished in an unprecedented manner, the demand for their commodity being excessive, though its ordinary sale-price had been considerably increased. It is not often that the ice-merchant has a harvest-time so abundant, and his good fortune has been shared by the humbler vendor of ice-cream. This latter occupation, though greatly monopolised by Italians, is not entirely confined to immigrants from the Sunny South; there are several English families who make a living in this way. One manufacturer and vendor of ice-cream in Bermondsey, it will surprise many to hear, is credited with a sum of several pounds weekly in the Savings Bank, and is the holder of a considerable amount of Government stock.

The French Israelites, in regard to the Dreyfus Affair, seem to have been circumspect. If a "Jewish syndicate" exists, it remains anonymous and obscure. The Grand Rabbi, Zadoc Kahn, who is not only the spiritual head of his race, but a functionary of the Government, has shown much tact in a difficult position. The Paris Rothschilds, keeping resolutely out of the Affair, have turned this year, as is their custom every year, some hundred thousand francs into the city charities; the Baroness Nathaniel de Rothschild and the Baroness Hirsch have left their alms to the Christian poor and their art treasures to the museums with as much grace as if their death-beds knew nothing of the insults outside. An incident of last week shows the general Israelite state of mind. The *Figaro* having opened a subscription for the widow of Colonel Klobb, massacred in the Soudan, out of the thirty-eight thousand francs collected in three days more than a third was contributed by Jews, apparently in mute protest against the injustice that pits them as enemies to the Army. For all this, since the Royalists and the Anti-Semites have made common cause, the political situation of the Israelites who are members of the aristocracy is extremely delicate.

There have been some exceptions to this neutrality of the French Israelites. There is notably, violently opposed to Dreyfus, a Parisian Jew whose singular social and political position has been clearly lighted up by the affair. It is Arthur Meyer, editor of the Royalist paper, *Le Gaulois*. M. Meyer is a militant Royalist, hence anti-Semite, hence anti-Dreyfus. This Jew pursuing the Jews as a political policy is in a posture that no high-minded or liberal person could call anything but odious. The Revisionists when he made his appearance at Rennes the other day esteemed that beside the martyred Dreyfus his presence was an intolerable insult, and M. Octave Mirbeau, making himself their spokesman, invited him to leave town or be kicked out. M. Meyer showed himself discreet.

On the other hand, there have been, outside the Dreyfus family, in particular two Israelites who have worked openly and valiantly for his cause. Everybody knows what they have done, and the courage with which they have faced the enemy's fire of insults. Joseph Reinach is a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and one of the editors of the *Sicelè*; Bernard Lazare is the well-known publicist whose voluminous brochure first opened the public's eyes to the error of 1894.

Jules Guérin, who still holds the fort in the Rue Chabrol, was, before this episode, an insignificant young bachelor whose schemes interested only his fond mamma. He has reached in a few weeks a giddy height of notoriety. It was he that imagined the Royalist propaganda under cover of an anti-Semite propaganda. The idea was ingenious. He became editor of the *Anti-Juif*; he became President of the Anti-Semite League. He drew the attention of the Duc d'Orléans, who sent for him to come to see him at Marienbad last year and at Brussels in January, and who ended by making him one of his confidential men. As a result of these interviews, the Royalist money began to flow into the Rue de Chabrol. Among others, a considerable fund was turned in by Comte Boni de Castellane. It is a use for his money that would much have surprised the democratic American who earned it. The rent, fifteen thousand francs, was paid in advance; a luxurious installation was begun, which included a Salle des Fêtes, where the young Royalists, who had begun to frequent the place, promised themselves to dance when the Duke came to his own.

I have often seen (writes a correspondent) Maître Demange, of Zola-Dreyfus fame, shooting over the woods of La Celle St. Cloud, one of the most beautiful districts of Seine-et-Oise, which, although only twelve

miles from Paris, is very wild and rural, great woods abutting one side on Versailles, the other on St. Germain. Maître Demange is a keen sportsman—indeed, partridge- and pheasant-shooting is the only form of outdoor sport that your average Parisian thoroughly enjoys. M. Loubet's shooting-licence runs thus: "Aged sixty years; height one metre sixty-four centimètres; hair, eyebrows, and beard grey; eyes blue, face oval." By the way, "Dick," the late French President's favourite English pointer, is considered by Madame Faure and her daughter to be too precious to be allowed to go out shooting either on his own or on other people's account, so for the future he is to lead a dull but safe existence in the beautiful villa which the widow now occupies at Havre, surrounded by numberless mementoes of Félix Faure's popularity.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that shooting is not a very favourite French amusement. On the contrary, many a hard-worked Paris doctor and lawyer manage to hire each year a section of one of the beautiful woods which surround Paris as with a belt of verdure. Even as boys, Frenchmen of all classes are taught to practise rifle-shooting, and this, perhaps, is the reason why *la chasse*—which invariably means shooting, and not hunting—is a far more widespread recreation than it is in this country. With the exception, perhaps, of M. Thiers, every successive French President has been able to hold his own with the more aristocratic of his foreign guests on the splendid State Forests which are so carefully preserved for the use of the French President and his friends. Indeed, poor Félix Faure was a most enthusiastic sportsman, and he enjoyed nothing so much as doing the honours of Marly to a band of Russian Grand Dukes. Each district of France has its own date for beginning shooting. On Aug. 15, *la chasse* opens in what is called the first zone. In the second zone, which includes the Ardennes, Nièvre, and Seine-et-Oise, Aug. 27 is the great day, while in Brittany shooting begins only on Sept. 17. On the 2nd, foreign game is allowed to cross the frontier at midnight, on condition that the trucks which contain the German and Belgian birds are sealed. In one district of Seine-et-Oise alone more than a thousand shooting-licences were issued in August.

"Better to bear the ills we have—" The drawback of telephoning without wires is that other people's messages are constantly coming in. We may imagine a man being rung up and hearing, "That you? About those theatre tickets, shall I buy Zulus or Chartered? . . . Wore a dream of a hat. . . Confound it! . . . bunkered, and lost by five up and four to play. . . Yes, seven o'clock; dress, of course. . . Are you a hundred and. . . Dreyfus? Yes, I wonder they don't shoot him. . . Thirteen-and-six, I think." Patient: "And yet I wrote to the *Times* about the dear old N.T.C!" (Composes an anonymous post-card to Marconi.)

Another very practical and really useful memorial of Sir Walter Scott has been proposed, in the shape of a new bridge over the Tweed at Dryburgh. A petition has been lodged with the County Councils of Roxburgh and Berwick in its favour. At present the river is crossed by a suspension-bridge, but carriages and other vehicles have to ford the river, though in time of flood this is impossible. This is the third suspension-bridge since the beginning of the century, two previous ones having been destroyed by severe storms. The present suspension-bridge was erected largely through the philanthropic efforts of the late Lady Grizel Baillie. The cost of the proposed bridge is estimated at £4500, and Mr. Erskine, of Dryburgh, is willing to allow the stone to be quarried gratis from his estate. The stone for Melrose Abbey came from a quarry here.



ZADOC KAHN.
Grand Rabbi of the Israelite Church in France.
Photo by Nadar, Paris.



JOSEPH REINACH.
A French Israelite Deputy who worked valiantly for Dreyfus.
Photo by Gerschel, Paris.



BERNARD LAZARE.
A French Israelite who helped to bring about the revision of the Dreyfus Affair.
Photo by Gerschel, Paris.



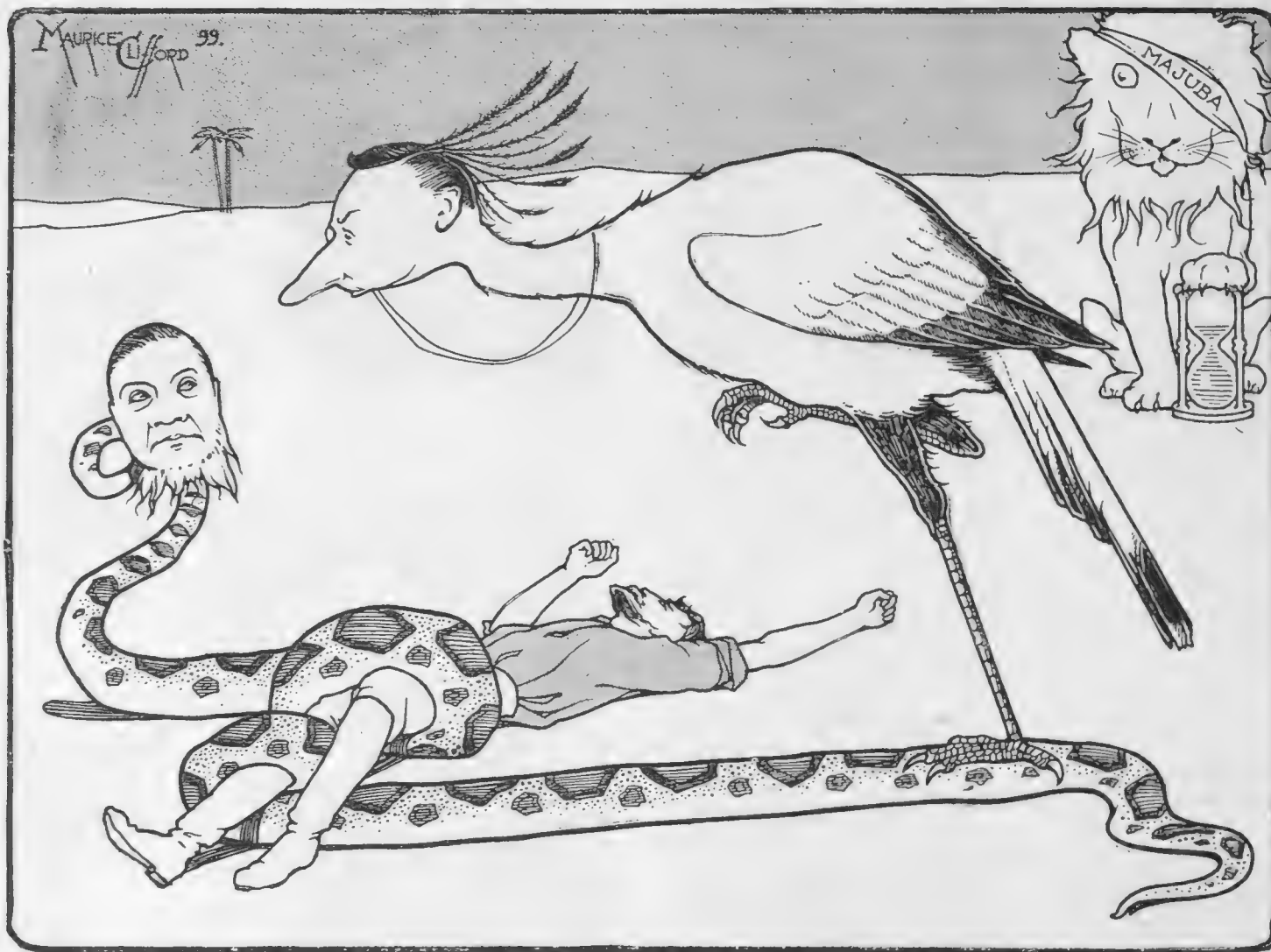
ARTHUR MEYER.
Editor of "Le Gaulois," and an Israelite hostile to Dreyfus.
Photo by Nadar, Paris.

Verdi, who has lately been taking his thirty-seventh annual cure at the waters of Montecatini, continues to enjoy excellent health and spirits, in spite of his advanced years. It is said, indeed, that he is engaged in writing his memoirs, which should be vastly interesting. Verdi is known to be strongly averse to the formalities of fashionable life, yet, while at Montecatini, to the great amazement of his friends, he paid a visit to M. Martini, the Governor of Eritrea, and late Minister of Public Instruction, who lives in the neighbourhood. Now it will be remembered that, after the production of his "Falstaff," the Italian Government wished to honour Verdi with the title of Marquis of Busseto. Martini, however, assured his colleagues that a title would add nothing to Verdi's glory or merit, and the title was not conferred. Verdi told his friends that his object in calling upon Martini the other day (in forty degrees of heat) was to give him a handshake and to thank him personally for not allowing him to be created a marquis. The opportunity had not occurred before.

But lately there was recorded the death of Janet Livingstone, eldest sister of Dr. David Livingstone, and with the death of John Livingstone, at Listowell, Ontario, on the 6th, all his brothers and sisters have passed away. Neil Livingstone and Agnes Hunter, the parents, had five sons

with her husband. They possessed at one time many relics of their famous brother, such as his pocket-Bible, Book of Common Prayer, and the small tin box which had contained his "Last Journals."

The imminent appearance of Mr. Lewis Melville's new biography of Thackeray renders opportune a brief allusion to a forgotten pen-portrait of the eminent novelist contributed, forty years ago, by the late Mr. Edmund Yates to a weekly periodical called *Town Talk*. Thackeray was therein described as very tall, standing upwards of six feet two inches. "No one meeting him could fail to recognise in him a gentleman," wrote Mr. Yates; "his bearing is cold and uninviting, his style of conversation either openly cynical or affectedly good-natured and benevolent; his *bonhomie* is forced, his wit biting, his pride easily touched." "There is a want of heart in all he writes," the future proprietor of the *World* concluded his sketch, "which is not to be balanced by the most brilliant sarcasm and the most perfect knowledge of the workings of the human heart." Yates and Thackeray were both members of the Garrick Club, and the latter regarded the article as not offensive and unfriendly merely, but "slandrous and untrue," and a heated correspondence, in which Dickens was involved, ensued. Under the title, "Mr. Thackeray, Mr. Yates, and the Garrick Club," this was



POLITICAL NATURAL HISTORY: THE COLONIAL SECRETARY-BIRD AND THE BOER-CONSTRUCTOR.

and two daughters; two of the sons died in infancy. The family of Livingstone sprang from the island of Ulva, Argyllshire. John Livingstone was born at Blantyre in 1811, and was two years older than his famous brother, and worked along with him in the cotton-mills of Sir H. Monteith, at Blantyre. He emigrated to Canada in 1840, and succeeded so well as a chemist that he retired in 1873.

In personal appearance, he bore a striking resemblance to David. He has a son who is a doctor in the Salinas Valley, California. His explorer-brother wrote to him pretty regularly from Africa, but he regretted that so many of David's letters fell a prey to the autograph-hunter, so that he was left with but few. A plain sandstone slab in Hamilton Churchyard marks the resting-place of the parents, with this inscription—

To show the resting-place of Neil Livingstone, and Agnes Hunter, his wife, and to express the thankfulness to God of their children, John, David, Janet, Charles, and Agnes, for poor and pious parents.

Someone suggested "poor but pious," which the explorer disallowed. Janet and Agnes Livingstone were dressmakers in Blantyre, afterwards living at Ulya Cottage, in the outskirts of the town, until they removed to Kendal, where their brother David's youngest daughter, Mary, lives,

published by Mr. Yates, and had become so rare that, though only a sixteen-page pamphlet, a copy was sold a few years ago for £100. Published originally in 1859, the correspondence was reprinted in fac-simile in 1895; but its existence is known only to a few literary connoisseurs.

Of the twin sons of the late Charles Haddon Spurgeon, who to-day celebrate the forty-third anniversary of their birth, Thomas, or Tom, as he is more generally designated, bears in every respect a more striking resemblance to his illustrious sire than does his twin brother. Like his father, he abjures the distinctive title of "Rev." prefixed to his name, and is almost as unclerical in his appearance as was the famous pastor of the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Coincident with his course of education at the Pastors' College, Mr. Thomas Spurgeon studied art at South Kensington, and wood-engraving, which is now one of his favourite pastimes—cycling being his chief outdoor form of recreation—at Fetter Lane. In 1877 he visited Australia and Tasmania, returning to the former place in 1879. From 1881 till 1889 he was pastor of the Baptist Church in Auckland, and in the latter year he was appointed Evangelist of the New Zealand Baptist Union, an office he resigned on his appointment as successor to his father in 1893. The work of rebuilding the Metropolitan Tabernacle is making satisfactory progress.

Mr. Kipling is staying for the summer at the Manse of Creich, a pretty house on the Sutherland side of the Dornoch Firth, where he will be only a few miles from his friend, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, at Skibo.



CREICH MANSE, THE HIGHLAND HOME THAT MR. RUDYARD KIPLING IS NOW OCCUPYING.

This illustration shows the house and the pine-clad hill behind it. The view from the windows of the Firth and the hills on the Ross-shire side is a particularly fine one.

The history of how we came to have such names as *Snapper*, *Griper*, *Tickler*, *Pincher*, *Snap*, in our Navy List is rather interesting. For these names have a history—not on a par, perhaps, with that of the *Revenge* or the *Téméraire*, but yet a history. The vessels were called after the pack of hounds of an ex-Lord of the Admiralty!

Contrary to the predictions of those croakers who prophesied its early demise under an avalanche of ridicule, the French "Fat Man's Club" still displays the most unmistakable signs of vigorous vitality. Its members continue to give public exhibitions of racing, jumping, and leaping, which are followed with great interest and in all seriousness by crowds of their compatriots. A man who has to carry about with him ten stone of superfluous adipose tissue can hardly be expected to have the agility and the grace of a kitten, or the sinews of a professional athlete, so the champions of the cinder-track can sleep upon their laurels as far as the Fat Men are concerned, as the latter are unlikely to interfere with their records. The member of the Club who has the enviable honour of being the heaviest of his peers turns the scale at 127 kilogrammes, or within an ounce or so of twenty stone! As may



THE CHAMPION OF THE FRENCH FAT MAN'S CLUB TURNING THE SCALE AT TWENTY STONE.

be detected from his photograph, he possesses a fund of good-humour which many a thinner man might well envy.

William Henry Milburn, D.D., the blind chaplain of the United States Senate, was prostrated by sunstroke while lecturing the other day, but afterwards recovered. Dr. Milburn, who is in his seventy-first year, was born in Philadelphia, and lost his sight through an accident in boyhood. His adventurous career as a Methodist backwoods preacher is related in his interesting autobiography, issued by Strahan in 1859, entitled "Ten Years of Preacher's Life." The incident which led to his present appointment is also there related, but it does not come down to his visit to this country in 1860, when he called on Carlyle at Cheyne Row, and had some interesting talks with him, which were afterwards reproduced in an American Life of Carlyle by Alfred H. Guernsey.

It is to the generosity of the nephew of Mr. Danks Waddy, Q.C., that Taylor, who has just established the world's record of fifty-nine kilometres in the hour on a Paris cycling-track, owes his fortune. Mr. Cuthbert Waddy, who is manager of one of the departments in Munroe's Bank, in Paris, saw Taylor sitting, looking very unhappy, one evening some four years ago at a vélodrome, just outside Paris, where a number of amateur riders practised. In reply to his question, the lad, who was poorly clad,



[Photo by Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.]

MISS FLORENCE WOOD, WHO PLAYS MRS. JEFFREY IN "THE ELIXIR OF YOUTH," AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

(The clever daughter of Mrs. John Wood, Miss Florence Wood is naturally a particularly bright comédienne.)

told him that he was miserable because he could not afford to hire or buy a machine. Mr. Waddy lent him his bicycle, and, seeing the way in which he passed and repassed everyone on the track, decided to put his hand deeply into his pocket in order to give Taylor a chance. The result is historic, and he can earn over a thousand a-year with ease to-day.

If a Bill that is to be brought before the Chamber is passed, there will be weeping and gnashing of teeth among the beautiful and unintelligent artists of the French stage. The proposition is none other than to compel all artists to assume their right and possibly prosaic names.

Liane de Pougy has blossomed out again, and this time in the form of a modern Jeanne d'Arc. She heard that Jules Guérin was starving in the Fort Chabrol with his merry men, and decided to save him. Thoroughly practical, she considered that half-a-side of mutton was much more to the point than a bouquet and a *billet-doux*. Accordingly, at an early hour of the morning she arrived on the scene in a cab, with the dead half of a sheep as travelling-companion. She ordered the soldiers to make way for her, and, when they declined, she gave out her full title; but even this did not frighten them. Here the parallel between Liane and Jeanne ends, for she never attempted to force the barricade, and simply said, "Cocher, allez chez Maxim."

Lieut.-Colonel C. G. C. Money, C.B., is fortunate in commanding one of the most efficient battalions in the Army, and one that has seen almost continuous active service of one kind or another for the past year or two, for the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers (with Colonel Money) took part in the Khartoum Expedition, in which their conduct and excellent

physique were especially notable. Soon after, they went to Crete, thence to England, and have since taken part in the Summer Manœuvres. Being under orders for another term of foreign service, they did not change their khaki uniforms for the more showy scarlet, and when medically examined the other day, of the thousand or so men of the battalion, only one was found unfit to go out to Africa. When the Northumberlands again don their full-dress uniforms, their old-time green facings will be resumed, as recently sanctioned. *Bon voyage!*

In the Green Room Club the other evening, Mr. Frank Atherley, the clever and experienced comedian who is at present appearing at the Vaudeville Theatre, drew my attention to the advertisement of the *Times* "Century Dictionary" in a leading daily paper. The advertisement is headed, "Odds-and-

Ends of Miscellaneous Information. A few instances of the readiness with which the 'Century Dictionary' answers questions." One of these brilliant odds-and-ends reads in this wise: "When an actor stands in the second O.P. entrance, facing the centre of the stage, is the proscenium on his right or left? Left!! I am now wondering whether the Dramatic Editor of the Dictionary is a member of the Green Room Club! For the sake of the merry gentlemen with whom I had the honour of dining, I sincerely hope he is.

I regret that the name of Messrs. Maclure, Macdonald, and Co., the well-known photographers, was not appended to the view published in last week's *Sketch* of the new Castle liner, *Kinfauns Castle*.

The "Khartoum Pencil" is the latest ingenious device of Messrs. Mappin Brothers, the well-known pioneers of novelties of this kind. The pencil is adapted to cartridge-cases actually used by the British troops at the Battle of Omdurman, and obtained by permission of the



Sirdar through the Egyptian War Office. The cases have been engraved with the name of the battle and the "General Order" issued to the troops on the morning of the battle, namely, "Remember Gordon." Personally, I intend to keep a "Khartoum Pencil" always at hand, employing it solely for writing fiery paragraphs (I don't think I need print the pun in italics) on the subject of dear old "Kru."

The period of late summer regarded in the North as the Season always terminates with the Northern Meetings at Inverness—the oldest of the now numerous Highland gatherings. Instituted in 1788, with the Duke of York, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Cameron of Lochiel as patrons, the "meetings" never fail to bring the élite of the old northern families to the Highland capital; and as there are more than ordinarily large number of distinguished personages in the North just now, the sports, Highland dancing, and balls on Thursday and Friday of this week are sure to attract as brilliant assemblages as formerly. A group of pipers representative of the chieftains of the historic houses—Lochiel, Argyll, Macdonald, Macleod, &c.—is in itself a picturesque

sight, while the time-honoured feat, peculiar to Highland gatherings—that of tossing the "caber," engaged in by the picked athletes of the North—is a spectacle of unique interest. The form of the sports has somewhat changed since the days when Donald Dinnie carried everything before him, and this year the military displays by the Seaforth Highlanders will be a novel attraction. All the officers of the Seaforths are to be guests of the Meeting, and, from the number of people in the shooting-lodges and other residences in the Highlands, the balls on the two evenings are expected to be as largely attended and as representative as they have ever been.

Sir Herbert Maxwell is in favour of repealing the law which prevents dogs being used as beasts of burden. Given regulations about an eight hours' day and an age limit, there is no reason why dogs should not be used as caddies, for instance, or to field during cricket-practice, or fag balls at tennis. They could carry fishing-tackle. None of these would be as hard work as having their countenances thrust into half-a-hundredweight of a muzzle. There is a lot of unemployed labour lying fallow in cats, birds, poultry, and other omnivora, which in many cases could help in the propelling of lawn-mowers and perambulators.

Luis Mazzantini, the torador whose bad accident in the bull-ring at Corunna was announced by the news agencies throughout Europe, is one of the first matadors of Spain. He is the only great light of the bull-ring I ever met who can claim to be a gentleman, and even the man in the street speaks of him as "Don Luis." He was educated to be a lawyer, is the son of a gentleman, and entered the ring because he was a poor law-student and felt it no shame to turn his wonderful eye and agile limbs to the most profitable account. To-day he earns between £30,000 and £40,000 a-year in one of the poorest countries of Europe, and the surroundings of his private life are very sumptuous. He is above middle-height, splendidly proportioned, and always looks and behaves as a gentleman should. If you would see him, the best chance of doing so would be found in Madrid, where he fights more often than any other torador of the very first class. Truth to tell, the noted arena by the Plaza del Triunfo is not a favourite with fighting-men.

Miss Dora Barton, the Dora Woodbury in "Hearts are Trumps," the new drama at Drury Lane, has been known for the past nine years as one of the cleverest and most delightful of child-actresses, and not one whit has she been spoiled by her success, nor have her charms or talents diminished as she has grown. Thus, to-day, when only eighteen, she is entrusted with the rôle of the heroine in the important autumn production at our National Theatre. However, she has won her spurs well and honestly, for, since she became too big to play children's parts,



MISS DORA BARTON.

Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

she has taken whatever has come in her way, and already had wide and useful experience. Her latest work has been on tour with "The Mayflower," and before that she had been doing some pretty ingénue rôles at the Garrick.

THE BOER WAR OF 1880-1 RECALLED.

Of the occurrences which led to the raising of the rebel flag at Paardekraal (the present-day Krugersdorp) by Messrs. M. W. Pretorius, Paul Kruger, and General Joubert, on Dec. 16, 1880—Dingaan's Day, a day kept sacred by the Transvaal and Free State Boers, in memory of their victory over the great Zulu Chief, Dingaan, during the Great Trek from Cape Colony in 1836—it is not necessary to speak. As soon as the flag was hoisted, Boer commandos attacked the British outposts and small detachments which were scattered about the country. Some of these were cut off, whilst others retired to various points, where they fortified themselves. Pending the arrival of assistance, General Sir George Colley, then Governor of Natal, collected all the available forces in that colony, and marched towards the Transvaal frontier. At the same time, a force of Boers under Commandant-General Joubert crossed the Natal frontier at Laing's Nek, and repulsed General Colley's force in an engagement there on Jan. 28, 1881. A second engagement took place on the Ingogo Heights on Feb. 8, and the British again suffered severely; and the final disaster, Majuba Hill, took place on Feb. 26, 1881.

Laing's Nek is a ridge some five thousand feet above sea-level and about three hundred feet above its own base. In 1881 the chief road between the Transvaal and Natal ran across it, though at the present day this has been, to a great extent, abolished by a railway-tunnel which

General Colley was killed by a bullet in the head early in the fight. This practically ended the war, as, on March 5, Mr. Gladstone's Government ordered an armistice to be concluded, and on March 23 terms were agreed to at Laing's Nek (the Boers being then in possession of and on British territory) by which the Transvaal was again recognised as an independent State, subject to certain restrictions. The more formal Convention was settled at Pretoria in August 1881. Of the later history of the Transvaal it can only be said that times have been precarious ever since, and that one dispute after another with the Suzerain Power has led up to the present crisis.

THE "DERNIER SALON."

Madame Aubernon de Nerville is dead, and the "dernier salon où l'on cause" is closed for ever. She was a woman of exceptional brilliancy in conversation, and was in her day a beauty. Society has changed so much in its aspect during recent years that the notion of Madame Aubernon's as to what constituted an ideal evening seems hopelessly dreary. She contended that the conversation should always be general, and asked what pleasure a hostess had if the company broke up into coteries and the elderly ladies were left shelved, while a pretty, empty-headed, prattling girl would be surrounded by all the men of fame rivalling one another in paying her compliments.

Majuba Hill.

Laing's Nek.

The Ingogo Mountains.



THE GATES OF THE TRANSVAAL IN AUTUMN: SNOWSTORM AT CHARLESTOWN, SEPT. 9, 1895.

pierces the historic Nek. The Nek is five miles inside the Natal frontier. On Jan. 27, 1881, the Boer force occupied the ridge, and on the same day General Colley encamped at Prospect Camp, four miles to the southward. Next day the British attacked the Nek in front, but suffered so severely that they retired. The affair of the Ingogo Heights followed on the 8th, and then came Majuba Hill. Majuba Hill rises some fifteen hundred feet above Laing's Nek, and slightly to the westward of it. The summit is less than a mile in circumference, and the centre is depressed into a saucer-like hole sixty to seventy feet below the outside ridges. This now contains a small cemetery in which lie buried some of the British soldiers who fell there, and the memorial-stone to mark the spot where General Colley fell. General Colley decided to occupy this position with a portion of his forces, and thus to turn the Boer flank. He reached the summit undiscovered by the enemy at 3 a.m. on Feb. 26, with four hundred men. Two hours later, when day broke, the Boers saw the move, and started to inspan, with the object of retreating; but as no artillery fire was opened on them from the hill, nor any movement made from Prospect Camp, a party of them started to climb the hill. The British on the sky-line above offered an easy mark, while the Boers were concealed by the rocks and depressions on the hillside. When they reached the top, they found that the British had neglected to throw up any breastworks or defences, and that in the saucer-like depression they offered an easy prey. The order to fix bayonets was given, but the word to charge did not follow, and in a few minutes our soldiers broke and fled down the hill, leaving 92 killed and 134 wounded behind them, while 59 were taken prisoners by the Boers.

Accordingly, neat ankles and laughing eyes were unknown at her dinners. So far, she may or may not have been right; but the system she had of regulating the conversation recalls a debating society with the members speaking with their mouths full. She selected the subject of conversation, and each one spoke in turn, and she kept them within limits by touching an electric bell. One night, Ernest Renan was there, and it was decided that the subject of the Immortality of the Soul should be discussed, so as to draw out the Master. In the middle of the discussion, Renan opened his mouth like a carp on dry land, but Madame Aubernon cut him short with a sign. When dessert arrived, she turned to Renan and said, "Now it's your turn, *cher maître*." Renan replied, "I have really nothing to say. Half-an-hour ago I wanted to ask for a second helping of green-peas."

Long before the ill-health of Madame Aubernon closed the famous salon, the most famous habitués had tired of giving their brains in return for a dinner. Alexandre Dumas said one night, "You understand, if ever you invite So-and-So again, you must strike my name off your visiting-list." And he never returned. Trying to draw Labiche on one occasion, she said, "What do you think of Shakspeare?" He replied drily, "Is a friend of yours going to marry him?" Henri Beeque was brutal to the extent of rudeness. He had sat the whole evening without speaking, although the subject of conversation had been playwrighting. In wishing him good-night, she said, "I am so glad you mix in society, M. Beeque!" The answer came back, "You apparently mix in any society, Madame." Yes, the old-fashioned salon "où l'on cause" is dead, and the salons "où l'on s'amuse" or "s'ennuie" reign in its place.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES MORTON.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day" to Mr. Charles Morton, the anniversary of whose eightieth birthday on Aug. 15 last will be celebrated to-morrow (Thursday) night at the Palace Theatre by a monster "benefit" variety concert, at which a galaxy of talent will kindly assist, and an ode, suitable to the occasion, and written by Mr. Clement Scott, will be recited by the critic's wife, while at the conclusion of the entertainment an illuminated address and a cheque for a thousand guineas will be presented to Mr. Charles Morton, the "Father of the Modern Music-Hall," in testimony of the public appreciation of Mr. Morton's eminent services in promoting and fostering cheerful and wholesome amusement for the people during his reign at the Palace Theatre.

The most frivolous of us are at times reflective and inclined to look back along the crowded pathway of history, and to remark what mighty issues are produced by small events. At any rate, I reflected a night or two ago, when I was one of the audience of the handsome Palace Theatre, that the brilliant scene, the sparkling music, and splendid programme presented had once a very small beginning, and that the germ of the music-hall of to-day might be found in the old-fashioned bar-parlour wherein "mine host," possessed of a good voice, would add to the merriment of his guests and fill his own money-bags by trollicking forth a rollicking song after supper. Sometimes he would accept outside assistance, and would welcome a proffered song even if it were arranged on the terms of "no song, no supper." Gradually, we find that music became so desirable a digestive that "song-and-supper" rooms were quite an institution fifty or sixty years ago, constituting themselves unwittingly the first precursors of the modern music-hall. Of this class were the Cyder Cellar, the Coal-Hole, Dr. Johnson's, Offley's, and Evans's, afterwards known as "Paddy" Green's; and here, with your pipe or cigar between your lips, and your tankard to hand, you

in London; and "Tom" Hudson, whose "Jack Robinson" was no less a household word than "Sam Hall"; while clever Jenny Hill was making her name as the "Vital Spark."

The Variety Saloon was the next development. These places of entertainment stood in mid-distance between the concert-rooms and the theatres. Their programme—not that they had one—comprised all sorts of turns: drama, farce, everything, in fact, except Shaksperian drama; but the turning-point in their history came on the passing of the Theatres Registration Act in 1843, when they had to elect whether they would class themselves as theatres or regular music-halls with drinking licence, but without the right of producing stage-plays.

Of these, previous to the Act just mentioned, was the Eagle, or Grecian Saloon, conducted by "Bravo" Rouse. By the way, it was razed to the ground only a few days ago. Here Harry Boleno, afterwards the well-known Drury Lane clown, made his first appearance. Other artists were Robert Glindon, a buffo singer and scenic artist, who painted "London by Day and Night" for the Colosseum, Regent's Park; and here Fred Robson made his first "hit," as did Sims Reeves under the stage-name of Johnson, and, very much later, Marie Lloyd got her first engagement in this classic house. Another saloon was the Union, opened by Mr. Lane, who, not having a licence, migrated to the Britannia, the now famous theatre. Among the artists was Miss Pearce, a charming soprano, who afterwards sang at the Canterbury Hall and the Oxford. The Bower was another well-known

saloon. It was run by a Mr. Hodson, who wrote, among other ditties, the famous "The Arab Steed." He was the grandfather of Mrs. Henry Labouchere, and here, at the Bower, James Fernandez commenced his dramatic career. But I must pass on.

The tavern concert-rooms, however, are to be regarded as the nearest



MR. CHARLES MORTON, THE VETERAN MUSIC-HALL MANAGER.

Photo by Langflier, Limited, London and Glasgow.



MR. GREEN, BARITONE (1856).

From Mr. Charles Morton's Photograph Album.



E. W. MACKNEY (1857).



MISS EMILY SOLDENE.

Photo by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

might listen to the musical abilities or quaint absurdities of "Jack" Sharp (almost equal to Arthur Roberts); Charles Sloman (the only English Improvisatore); J. A. Mills, the negro melodist; John Moody, a clever mimic; W. G. Ross, whose song, "Sam Hall," was then the rage

approach to the modern music-hall. They were a development of the casual harmonic assemblies. Amongst the most-frequented were the Grapes, in Southwark; the Old Mogul, now the Middlesex, where Dan Leno made his first mark; St. Luke's, where Mrs. Lane, then

Miss Wilton, made her début; the Swan, now swallowed up by the Charing Cross Station, besides many others too numerous to mention. These were open about three times a week. Perhaps the greatest artists in these rooms were E. W. Mackney, the first of the Ethiopian minstrels; Sam Collins, the Irish vocalist; Mr. Charles Sloman; Mrs. J. Taylor, a male impersonator; and Mr. J. Morley, a comedian and comic singer. The difference between these entertainments and those now given at the music-halls was very slight. Parenthetically, it may be stated that perhaps the Old Rotunda Assembly Room, which stood close to Blackfriars Bridge, can best lay claim to being the first regular music-hall, for a variety entertainment was given here as early as 1829, and among its artists were the duettists and dancers, Mr. and Mrs. Johnny Wilde, the parents of Dan Leno. In consequence, however, of a cock-fight having been permitted on the premises, it was closed by the authorities about sixteen years ago.

The Grapes, under the more pretentious title of the Surrey Music-Hall, and afterwards rechristened the Winchester, was among the first of the tavern concert-rooms to blossom out as a music-hall, as we now understand the term. Here the Vokes', Louie Sherrington, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Carroll, Willie and Emma Ward, and William Warde, the

distinguished comic singer; Mr. Charles Sloman, composer of "The Maid of Judah," &c.; E. W. Mackney, the pioneer of Ethiopian minstrelsy; Mrs. J. Taylor, Sam Cowell, "Bill" Williamson, and Sam Collins, with many others who were also favourite singers elsewhere. The Canterbury Hall was also looked upon as the peculiar home of the operatic selection, the madrigal, and the glee; indeed, the repertory in this department was exceptionally choice during the seventeen years of Mr. Morton's management.

Contemporaneously—or rather, from 1861—Mr. Morton founded the Oxford Music-Hall, with artists of the calibre of Santley, Parepa, Russell, and popular comics such as Harry Liston, the singer of "Shabby-Genteel." Ten years later it passed into other hands. At this West-End hall most of the artists then engaged at the Canterbury Hall also appeared, Mr. Morton being the first manager to organise an interchange of talent between two music-halls. On his departure from the Oxford, Mr. Morton inaugurated, at the Philharmonic at Islington, a series of opera-bouffe productions, of which "Madame Angot" and "Geneviève de Brabant" were especially noticeable. It is a matter of much interest that Madame Emily Soldene, who was the prima donna in those operas, will emerge from her retirement on the night



MISS RUSSELL (1859).



CHARLES SLOMAN (1856).



MRS. CAULFIELD (1862).



W. CRITCHFIELD (1854).



H. LISTON (1859).



F. JONGHMANN (1857).

father of Mrs. D'Auban, were among the artists who appeared. But it was the opening of the Canterbury Hall in the Westminster Bridge Road, in 1849, by Mr. Charles Morton and his brother-in-law, Mr. Stanley, which gave a lasting impetus to the movement of providing first-class musical entertainment in establishments conducted on the basis of the modern music-hall.

The Canterbury Hall, which was built at the rear of the Canterbury Arms, was capable of holding seven hundred persons; there was no stage, only a platform. Mr. John Caulfield, formerly an actor at the Haymarket, was the very efficient chairman, and Mr. Ferdinand Jonghmann was the responsible musical conductor. Not only were Mr. Morton's artists frequently of the highest talent procurable, but the Canterbury was the means of bringing into notice many an artist who subsequently became a great celebrity. Among the most popular favourites were Augustus Braham, son of the great tenor; Miss Turpin, afterwards Mrs. Henry Wallack; Miss Russell, the first Marguerite to Gounod's "Faust" in this country, and the original prima-donna of all Offenbach's operas here; Green, the baritone, especially to be associated with the laughing-song and chorus in "Orfeo aux Enfers"; Miss Constance Loseby (Mrs. J. Caulfield), who afterwards made a great reputation under Mr. Hollingshead at the Gaiety in "Robert the Devil," "Wat Tyler," "The Princess of Trebizonde," &c.; Mr. Critchfield, a

of Mr. Morton's "benefit," and sing, with Miss Isabel Jay, the balcony duet in "Geneviève de Brabant," wherein Madame Soldene was the original Drogon. The occasion will serve to remind some of us that Madame Soldene made her début at Drury Lane in "Il Trovatore," and that she created the name-rôle in "The Grand Duchess," while between 1874 and 1877 she toured in the United States, Australia, and New Zealand.

It will be unnecessary to follow further in Mr. Morton's footsteps, as their mark is too recent to require further delineation. Once more, "Many Happy Returns of the Day to Mr. Charles Morton."—T. H. L.

Trial by telephone is now in full working order in America. A policeman, giving evidence to the Judge through an instrument in a recent case, took off his hat! If introduced here, the system would save going on circuit and many other abuses. The prisoner could take his oath, and the Judge pronounce sentence through the telephone. In case of appeal, a phonograph could keep absolutely accurate records. Fancy getting rung up and asked, "You there, 1762?" "Yes—Yes." "Well, have you anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed on you?" . . . "Yes—Yes." . . . "Mercy on your soul. Ring off."

ENGLISH LAVENDER.

This plant is said by some to have been originally introduced into this country by the Huguenot settlers from France in the district of Wandsworth, where the names still remain of Lavender Hill, Lavender Sweep, Lavender Lane. A most interesting spot in Wandsworth is the little burial-ground of these religious refugees on Mount Nod.

Lavender may still be found not far from the banks of the Wandle—at Carshalton, Wallington, Beddington, &c.—the growth of the great city driving it ever further and further into the country. At one time Mitcham was the world-renowned home of English lavender; at the present day, however, any lavender cultivated in Surrey might possibly come under the name of Mitcham Lavender.

At Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, lavender has been cultivated for a long time; and many other places might be named—for instance, Canterbury, in Kent, Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, &c.

Lavender has always a quaint, old-world atmosphere surrounding it, no garden being complete without its lavender-bush; but those who have only seen the flower in the garden can have no idea of the beautiful effect of a whole expanse of deep and rich colour resembling perhaps

indeed, some flowers are so jealous of their sweet fragrance that the secret is not yet known how to extract it from them.

Lavender, fortunately, is not of this class. The flowers, being cut as described, are placed in a large copper still, sufficient water is added, the still is closed, and the process of heating begun.

As the steam begins to rise from the water, it carries with it some of the perfume residing in the tiny oil-glands of the flowers. The steam is then made to pass through a condensing coil, or cooler, and finally runs out of it, cold, in the form of water. This water condensed from the steam contains in it minute particles of what is known as the essential oil of lavender, which, as the water stands, gradually collect and rise to the surface, until ultimately, as the process of distillation is continued, a pale-gold coloured liquid may be drawn off from the top of the water.

The essential oil of lavender obtained in this way is, of course, far too concentrated for use as a perfume. First, time is needed for it to mature and mellow; and then the perfumer's task begins to prepare it for use as lavender-water, &c. As may be imagined, a large quantity of flowers are necessary for a small quantity of essential oil, the yield very much depending upon seasons and the age of the plants. One hundredweight of flowers would look a very large quantity indeed, and yet from it the yield might not be more than twenty ounces of essential oil. A field of



LAVENDER-GATHERING AT KELVEDON, ESSEX.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. HALL, WITHAM AND BRAINTREE.

more than anything a field of blue corn. For, when well out, the green of the leaves is not visible except at the sides. The flower-heads shoot up above the bushes, and practically all that strikes the eye is a waving sea of blue.

The great superiority of English lavender, which has won a reputation all over the world, is due probably to the long and careful cultivation it has received in this country, and also to the peculiar suitability of the English climate and soil.

A few years ago, a successful experiment was made (by S. Sainsbury, of Regent Street) of growing lavender near the village of Kelvedon, in Essex. A field was taken and planted out with small slips; these thrived well, but the first year's growth scarcely produced sufficient bloom for distillation. The second year, however, was a very different matter; whilst at the end of the third, the bushes had grown so sturdy and the bloom was so thick that, although the plants were a considerable distance apart and most regularly planted in rows, practically all sign of order had vanished, and all one saw was a mass of purple bloom.

The special mode here adopted for getting in the harvest is as follows: Men, with reaping-hooks, start cutting the bloom bush by bush; these are followed by a number of women, collecting and sorting what has been reaped, and, again, cutting off all extra length of stalk, so that, as far as possible, there are only the flower-heads left for going into the still.

It is not every flower that will yield up its perfume to distillation;

corn or hay, when harvested, will show an imposing result in the form of stacks or ricks; whereas the sum and substance of a beautiful field of lavender-flowers might be represented by a small number of bottles easily stowed away on a shelf or in a cupboard.

JOY.

A butterfly pauses, with golden wing:

Sweet, you are glad to-day;

Open the portals of Paradise wide,

Your lover has come to stay.

Over the sea, the dancing sea,

From the land afar, he has come to thee;

And never again will you parted be

For ever!

The lark sings sweet in the sky so blue,

And the breeze whispers words of love;

Your eyes have forgotten the tears they shed

And are radiant as heaven above!

For the night has gone, the lonesome night,

When the stars without shone hard and bright

On a parting sad, in the dawning light,

For ever!

THE EFFECTS OF A RECENT HURRICANE IN ANTIGUA.

From Photographs by José Anjo, Antigua.



DESTRUCTION OF PEASANTS' DWELLINGS.



SEARCH FOR CLOTHING AND FURNITURE.



OLD WHITE-WOOD TREE NEAR GOVERNMENT HOUSE UPROOTED.



INJURED COTTAGE AT GRAY'S HILL.



TREE TWO HUNDRED YEARS OLD UPROOTED.



SUGAR ESTATE: PENS FOR STOCK COMPLETELY DESTROYED.

These photographs by José Anjo, courteously forwarded to "The Sketch" by the Acting Governor of Antigua, describe, far better than words could do, the terrible effects of a hurricane that passed over Antigua and the Leeward Isles on Aug. 7 last. In Montserrat, a neighbouring island, the barometer fell $2\frac{5}{100}$ inches, which will give some idea of the velocity of the hurricane.

LONDON'S OLD PUMPS.

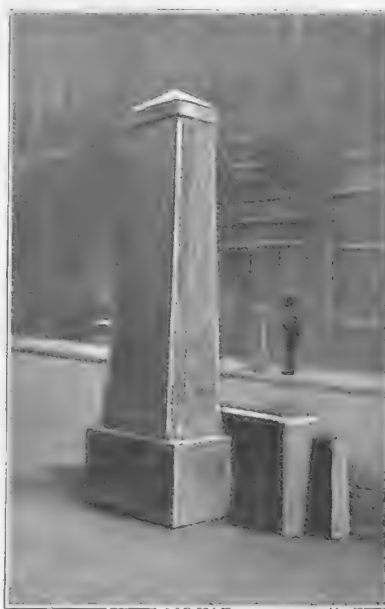
The best-known of all the London pumps is undoubtedly the Aldgate one. This stands at the point where Leadenhall Street and Fenchurch Street join, and occupies the site of the old well dedicated to St. Michael the Archangel. The well existed in the fourteenth century, but it was probably not until towards the close of the sixteenth century that a

New River water, as the well whence it formerly drew its supplies was closed up about five years ago.

In Long Yard, off Lamb's Conduit Street, there still remains not the old pump, but an inscription concerning it, which reads, "Lamb's Conduit, the property of the City of London. This pump is erected for



ALDGATE.



CORNHILL.



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

pump was erected. The water had a great local reputation, but, being found impure, the well was closed in 1876, and now the water which is pumped up is supplied by one of the water companies. "A draft (draught) on Aldgate Pump" was a mercantile phrase for a bad note.

Coming westward, the next pump is the disused one in Cornhill, beside the Royal Exchange. Its history is inscribed upon it and reads as follows—

The well was discovered, much enlarged, and the pump erected, in the year 1799 by the contributions of the Bank of England, the East India Company, the neighbouring Fire Offices, together with the Bankers and Traders of the Ward of Cornhill.

A little north from Cheapside, in the courtyard of the Wood Street Smelting Works, is a pump whose years are thought to number nearly one hundred. As is the case with many of the pumps, it is now surmounted by a gas-lamp.

Near by, in Addle Street, is the Brewers' Hall, in the courtyard of which is a small pump, possibly as old as the Hall of the Brewers itself, which was built soon after the Great Fire.

the benefit of the public." Unfortunately, the date is obliterated, and, in fact, the whole inscription is so much worn away that it is becoming very difficult to decipher. At present there is a chalked addition to the inscription as follows, "Sir Reginald Derby Winner." The connection between a pump and a Derby winner does not seem to be very close.

In Staple Inn, close to Holborn Bars, are two pumps, probably very old. The water comes from a cistern supplied by one of the water companies, but many people use the water in the belief that it is the original spring-water, and assert that they receive great benefit from bathing their weak legs or ankles with it.

Gray's Inn can boast of no less than three iron pumps, probably of a ripe old age. The Librarian's assistant remembers that they were in use sixty-five years ago, when he was a boy, but no doubt they are much older than that. The one in Gray's Inn Square used, until a few years ago, to be close to the entrance to the Hall; it is now supplied with water from one of the water companies. The other two pumps stand opposite Raymond Buildings, and have not been used for years.

In Lincoln's Inn, also, there are a pair of fine old pumps. A well is mentioned in the records of the Inn as far back as 1509, and in 1572 it



STAPLE INN.



GRAY'S INN SQUARE.



LINCOLN'S INN.

In St. Paul's Churchyard, bound to the railings which surround the Cathedral, stands an iron pump, erected, as the inscription states, by St. Faith's Parish in the year 1819.

The pump in the centre of the garden playground at Christ's Hospital is only some sixty or seventy years old, and now gives forth

was ordered "that the well shall be made a pumpe." Then, in 1594, it seems that the well in the Great Court was pulled down and stopped up, and in 1622 the Treasurer was "intreated to procure the old well in the Fore Court of the House to be opened, and to make a pumpe there, if he shall find it may be conveniently soe donne."

MRS. LANGTRY'S NEWMARKET COUNTRY-SEAT.

From Photographs by Parr, Newmarket.



MRS. LANGTRY'S HOUSE, "REGAL LODGE," KENTFORD, NEAR NEWMARKET.



MRS. LANGTRY'S DRAWING-ROOM AND A CORNER OF THE BILLIARD-ROOM AT "REGAL LODGE," KENTFORD, NEAR NEWMARKET.

This dainty room is reproduced in the new Haymarket Comedy. (See "The Sketch" Theatre Gossip.)



MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

APPEARING TO-MORROW NIGHT AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE IN "THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



MR. FORBES-ROBERTSON.

WHO PRODUCES "THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM" AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE TO MORROW NIGHT.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THE LONDON STEREOSCOPIC COMPANY, REGENT STREET, W.

FORBES-ROBERTSON'S REAPPEARANCE IN "THE MOONLIGHT BLOSSOM."

Those earnest and cultured players, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell, will to-morrow (Thursday) night indulge in quite a new dramatic departure. This will take place at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, which they have secured for three months certain from Mr. Martin Harvey, who, it will be remembered, was associated with them at this house in that very "mystic" play "*Pelleas and Mélisande*," by Maurice Maeterlinck, whom Mr. Comyns Carr described as the "very Belgian Shakspeare."

Mr. Robertson and Mrs. Campbell, after a long course of tragedy, such as "*Romeo and Juliet*," "*For the Crown*," "*Hamlet*," "*Macbeth*," and the aforesaid "mystic" problem-play, have, I find, this time chosen, in "*The Moonlight Blossom*," by Mr. Chester Bailey Fernald, quite a different class of piece from any which they have yet attempted. This new work is really a Japanese fairy-play, full of romance revolving around the "tender passion" as it is experienced by Ito Arumo (Mr. Forbes-Robertson) and Inamura Nanoya (Mrs. Patrick Campbell). Ito Arumo is a temporarily disgraced half-brother to Ito Sakata, a "young rich" of Tokyo, and many are the alarms and excursions that cluster around these three.

Another interesting character on the female side is Dodan, a Tokyo widow, represented by that charming actress Miss Eleanor Calhoun, who comes (like the author) from "the glorious climate of California." Another clever American concerned in this piece is Mr. Frank Mills, whose impersonation of Athos was so noteworthy in "*The Musketeers*," at Her Majesty's. Other strong players engaged include Miss Rosina Filippi (who enacts the passionate Nanoya's attendant); Mr. Ivan Watson, as a Blind Masseuse of some local standing; Mr. Sydney Warden, as Morikame, High Priest of the Temple; and Mr. Bromley Davenport and Mr. James Welch as respectively Yamakichi (a Jinriksha-man of Sata), and Bummawashi (a Jinriksha-man of Kumato). The last curiously named twain have apparently fine characters. Also they are concerned in a certain episode which, although in some measure serious—and to be taken seriously—may in representation savour somewhat of low comedy. It is, in point of fact, an extraordinary Japanese sword-fight, in which the combatants are mounted upon stilts. This has proved a very ticklish point at rehearsals, and has naturally required a good deal of special acrobatic training on the part of the duellists.

Without giving away too much of the story as it struck one at rehearsal, it may be interesting to state that, almost for the first time since they have been histrionically associated, Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will not be killed or commit suicide. Indeed, in this venture, and in certain others contemplated by these highly artistic players, it is their intention, I find, to go in for more cheeriness—and for many a more "happy ending" than hitherto. This idea should serve as a pleasant relief to the morbidness and misery so prevalent in modern plays, "problem" and otherwise.

In "*The Moonlight Blossom*"—however it may turn out dramatically—it will be found that the management have spared neither effort nor expense to present a realistic picture of life as she is lived in Southern Japan. The decorations and costumes, for example, have been supervised by Mr. Alfred Parsons (Associate); Mr. W. Telbin has painted the scenery; and the incidental music, which sounds very quaint and characteristic, has been specially prepared by Mr. N. Clifford Page, a native of California.

Mr. Forbes-Robertson, speaking for self and his fair and artistic partner, stated, during my interview with him, that, should "*The Moonlight Blossom*" sufficiently strike the public fancy, it will, when Mr. Martin Harvey returns to the Prince of Wales's to produce Mr. Merivale's new play, "*Don Juan Tenorio*," be summarily transferred *en bloc* to another theatre. Whether the play shapes as well to-morrow night as it seemed to shape at rehearsal—or whether it does not—playgoers will find some excellent acting therein; and they are sure to be much interested in the beautiful and quaint Japanese costumes, and in the one cleverly built-up scene representing a temple in Sata, which is a village in Southern Japan. Portraits of Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell will be found in this issue of *The Sketch*, and very striking portraits they are.

SOME NEW MEMORIALS.

Notwithstanding some local dissatisfaction, the committee of Glasgow subscribers to the Gladstone memorial for that city certainly did well in agreeing, at a meeting they held the other day, to a resolution moved by Lord Provost Richmond and seconded by Lord Overtoun, to entrust the erection of a statue of the illustrious statesman to the capable hands of Mr. Thornycroft. The fact is not without interest that, while upwards of £3500 was subscribed towards this object, barely £700 has been received for the beacon-light which is to be placed on Duart Point as a memorial of William Black, the novelist. The design for the light by the Northern Lighthouse authorities has, it appears, created dissatisfaction, and in this dilemma Mr. Colin Hunter, A.R.A., one of William Black's most intimate friends, and an executor of his will, has undertaken to design a beacon-light worthy of the spot where it is to be placed and of the memory of the novelist whose heart ever fondly turned to the Western Highlands. Towards the Byron statue for the Grammar School Grounds at Aberdeen the total sum subscribed only amounts to £439.

"KING JOHN," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

When, favoured by instructions from *The Sketch*, the present writer called upon Mr. Beerbohm Tree to elicit the very latest particulars regarding the above-named production, the caller found that popular actor-manager and his numerous adherents just passing through a most trying ordeal. In other words, Mr. Tree and the whole strength of his company were being "biographed" wholesale, retail, and certainly for exportation, by that shrewd firm which supplies Animated Photographs to this or that amusement resort throughout the United Kingdom. It was truly a very quaint experience to see this extensive company of players, who will to-night (Wednesday) essay to present, in most realistic fashion, "*King John*" to the earnest playgoers of London, hurrying off clothed in more or less "complete steel"—and in perfect make-up—to the vicinity of the Hôtel Cecil, to be snapshotted, as it were, for pictures to be presently shown in all sorts of places in Europe, but especially at the Palace Theatre, London. For the going and coming and the to-ing and fro-ing of the latest *King John*, and his vast retinue a new and picturesque awning had been prepared outside Her Majesty's Theatre, and several "Black Marias" had been chartered for the carrying of the company, from the stalwart King (Mr. Tree) to the little fair-haired Prince Arthur (Master Charles Sefton), who is a real little-boy Prince, and not a diminutive man, as was one of the best Arthurs within modern playgoing memory, "Master" Percy Roselle to wit. There was also something of humour in the sight of Mr. Lewis Waller, Mr. Franklin McLeay, and Mr. William Mollison, in the warlike armour of Faulconbridge, Hubert, and the King of France, respectively, and the majestic Miss Julia Neilson in the picturesque garb of the hair-tearing Constance, hurrying back with the dark-blue-armoured King John Tree at their head, newly escaped from the clutches (and the "Kodaks") of the Animated Photographers.

But even upon their return, Mr. Tree and his company and staff—numbering in all some three hundred and seventy-five persons—prepared, after a slight interval for refreshment, to give a special dress-rehearsal of the production, which, whatever its other merits may prove to be, will to-night assuredly be hailed as one of the grandest examples of *mise-en-scène* ever witnessed even at this theatre.

For the first time since Shakspeare bodily "conveyed" this tragedy from a previous favourite Elizabethan melodrama, so to speak—namely, "*The Troublesome Raigne of King John*"—the piece has been arranged in three acts. It has, moreover, been broken up—but reverently withheld—by the introduction of certain tableaux of historical import. One of these newly introduced tableaux shows the wicked King in the act of granting the Magna Charta at Runnymede, still one of the most picturesque spots on the Upper Thames, and well within an hour's cycle ride from London. For this episode—and, indeed, for all the "business" of the play—Mr. Tree has consulted all sorts of historical experts, from Holinshead, of ancient memory (whom the Author studied), down to John Richard Green (whom the Author didn't study, for good and sufficient reasons). It was the latter historian who, it will be remembered, inclined to the "pious opinion" that, "deep as Hell is, even that was defiled by the presence of John."

Costly, however, and full of detail as Mr. Tree's production of "*King John*" is, it will not, methinks, be found to-night overloaded with sumptuousness, but arranged on what Mr. Tree himself described to me as "a scale of modest splendour." Apart from the wonderfully realistic armour and weapons which met my eye at every turn, I must confess that, albeit not utterly inexperienced in the technique of stage productions, I was much struck by the "building-up" of certain of the scenes, tapestried and otherwise. Surely no such platforms and "rostrums" were ever seen even in connection with such a play as this. The production of "*King John*" given at Drury Lane in the "middle sixties," with that grand actor Phelps in the name-part, was elaborate enough, in all conscience, and its cast was the most powerful that money could procure, including such players as Barry Sullivan and James Anderson as Faulconbridge (on different occasions), Thomas Swinbourne as Hubert, and Miss Atkinson (and subsequently Mrs. Hermann Vezin) as Constance. This, however, could not (in the way of *mise-en-scène*, certainly) compare with the gorgeous production due at Her Majesty's to-night.

As I watched the rehearsal proceedings and talked with Mr. Tree in the intervals thereof, I could not help thinking of the first—and only other—time that this popular and earnest actor-manager played King John, namely, some ten, or perchance, eleven years ago, at the Crystal Palace. It was a kind of "scratch" performance (as the saying goes), wherein Mr. Tree, then a comparatively young beginner and in a terrible state of nervousness, was fain to have a prompter behind every "wing," as it were.

How the acting will come out in this beautiful production cannot, of course, be told until to-night. One striking instance, however, of Mr. Tree's artistic intentions as to his latest Shaksperian venture will be noted in the last scene of all, when Mr. Waller, as the gallant Faulconbridge, declaims those splendidly patriotic lines—

This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud feet of a conqueror. . . .
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them: naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true!

As these lines are recited, a glorious sunrise gilds the erewhile clouded sky, and from without comes the sound of angel-chorus pealing forth the sound of a grand "Amen!"

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

FORMER KING JOHNS.

Present-day playgoers have waited long for a stage representation of "King John." They have more than once pricked their ears, so to speak, at a rumour of a Lyceum production that unfortunately never came, and to find records of memorable performances of this play we must turn back a good many pages in the history of the English stage. John Philip Kemble, Macready, his worthy successor Phelps, and Charles Kean—these are names that are written in capital letters in connection with Shaksperian productions, and of them there can be little doubt that Kemble and Macready were the pre-eminent exponents of "King John."

It is interesting to recall that "King John" was the first play—at any rate, in London—in which Kemble and his great sister, Sarah Siddons, were associated, and of this notable association says Dr. Doran, "Grandly as the King was acted, the Constance of Mrs. Siddons was the magic by which the audience was most moved." Kemble's King John, though in the opinion of certain critics inferior to his Henry V., and on a level only with his Richard, was one of his most successful assumptions, and in it his great personal gifts and his power in the display of the transition of feeling made a deep impression; yet in the opinion of so eminent a judge as Hazlitt, "the golden flash of genius was not there"; in the opinion of the great critic, spontaneity was wanting, for he says, "If an image could be constructed by magic art to play King John, it would play it in much the same manner as Mr. Kemble plays it."

Leigh Hunt thought Macready's the finest impersonation of King John he had ever seen; not that it was so kingly as John Kemble's, but because it was more like the real historical King John—that vacillating, weak, wilful monarch, less poetical than petulant, and a bully. This vacillation between royalty and meanness, the three ruling passions of the King—his sense of royalty, his fear, his spirit of exaction—were all magnificently assumed and contrasted by this last of the great tragedians of the old school.

Many of our older playgoers can remember Phelps and Charles Kean in the part. Phelps, with all his force and pathos, did not win one of his great successes as King John; while Charles Kean, who lacked the touch of genius, is said to have played it with "earnest resolve," but hardly greatly. Charles Kean's production was a wonderfully well-staged one, and has an interest to more modern playgoers, for in it there appeared as

Theatre Royal, Covent-Garden, This present MONDAY, March 3, 1823, will be revived Shakspeare's Tragedy of **KING JOHN.**

John, King of England, (first time) Mr. MACREADY.
Prince Henry, Master C. PARNLOE, Earl of Pembroke, Mr. MEARS,
Earl of Essex, Mr. HOBREBOW, Earl of Salisbury, Mr. CONNOR,
Hubert (first time) Mr. BENNETT, Faulconbridge, Mr. C. KEMBLE,
Robert Faulconbridge, Mr. PARSLOE, English Herald, Mr. JEFFERIES,
James Gurney, Mr. CRUMPTON, Executioner, Mr. NORRIS,
Philip, King of France, Mr. EGERTON, Lewis, the Dauphin, Mr. ABBOTT,
Prince Arthur, Mrs. BODEN, Archduke of Austria, Mr. COMER,
Cardinal Pandolph, Mr. CHAPMAN, Chatillon, Mr. BAKER,
French Herald, Mr. HUNT, Citizens of Angiers, Mess. Atkins, Collet, Vedy,
Queen Eleanor, Mrs. VINING,
The Lady Constance by Mrs. FAUCIT,
Blanch, of Castile, Miss FOOTE, Lady Faulconbridge, Mrs. STERLING.

HARLEQUIN AND THE OGRESS; Sleeping Beauty of the Wood.

The whole arranged and produced by Mr. FARLEY.
Principal Pantomime Characters, & succession of the Scenery.

Scene 1. EGYPTIAN CAVERNS.
The Three Sisters—Witch, Trunk, and Spindle. Mrs. BARRY, Ley, and Dombelon,
ENTRANCE—The Fairy, Mysterious Pantomime, Mr. BARRY,
Overlighting em. Widdow, (the Fates of Manly) Messrs. Colles, Richardson, Kerr and Chikins.

Scene 2. The Enchanted Cedar Grove.
PRINCE ARTHUR, (addressed as Harlequin) Mr. BARRY,
BEAR, (addressed as Harlequin) Mr. J. S. GIMMALD,
The Fairy BIRD, (addressed as Harlequin) Messrs. FONGHURST,

Scene 3. The Outside of the Castle.
GRIN GRIBBER (Partner to the Castle, afterwards a Clown) Mr. GIMMALD,
ENTRANCE—The Chamberlain, (addressed as Harlequin) Mr. BARRY,
The Sleeping Beauty (addressed as Harlequin) Mrs. VEDDY,

Scene 4 and 5. The Egyptian Pyramids.—The Port of Ruyter.
Scene 6 and 7. PAVILION PALACE, BRILLIANT. (Pantomime)—WATERLOO BRIDGE by Night. LUTHER,
Scene 8.
Scene 9.
Scene 10.
Scene 11.

HYDE PARK.
STALUE J. ARCHES. (W. Blandish)—BROOK GREEN FAIR. (W. Blandish and Hudgins)
Scene 12. TILLAGE NEAR LONDON.
Scene 13. No. 33, PALL-MALL. (Harlequin) "It has happened there, and the
Consequences.

Scene 14. RETURN OF PANTY CHICK—SHOOT—INSIDE OF DOCK, on TWELFTH NIGHT.
The Royal Embarkation for Scotland. GRIN GRIBBER

MOVING PANORAMIC SCENES,
Including the different STOPS on the RIVER THAMES, from GREENWICH, WOODWICH, GRAVESEND, &c. &c.

Scene 17. LEITH HARBOUR.
Scene 18. EDINBURGH.
Scene 19. THE PALACE OF THE FAIRY BLUE BELL.
Scene 20. NO ORDERS CAN BE ADMITTED.

The New Farce called THE DUEL; or, MY TWO NEPHEWS
Having been received every night with shouts of laughter and applause,
will be repeated Tomorrow and Thursday next.

Tomorrow, the Opera of FONTAINEBLEAU.
Lord Winlove, Mr. DUNNET, Sir John Bull, Mr. Bartley, Col. Epaullette, Mr. Farley,
Henry, Mr. Pearman, Squire Tally-ho, Mr. Blanchard, Lackland, Mr. Jones, Lapoché, Mr. Yates,
Lady Bull, Mrs. Davenport, Celia, Miss Love, Miss Lilly Bull, Miss Foote,
Bom, Miss M. Tree, Mrs. Casser, Mrs. Pearce, Nanette, Miss Halland.

On Thursday, (in consequence of its very brilliant reception on Thursday last) the Opera of THE
MARRIAGE OF FIGARO will be repeated; when the Countess Almaviva will be personated
by Miss PATON, and Sunday by Miss M. TREE.—The Public is respectfully informed
that these Young Ladies will continue to act the above-mentioned characters alternately.

After which, the New Farce, and the Pantomime.
The Opera of THE WOODMAN (the Music by Mr. Shield) will shortly be revived.
WILLIAM, Mr. LARKIN, Emily, Miss PATON.

A NEW TRAGEDY is in rehearsal, and will speedily be produced.

Produced by W. L. KENNEDY, 3, Denmark Street, Strand.

A PLAY-BILL SHOWING THAT OUR GRANDFATHERS
EXPECTED SOMETHING FOR THEIR MONEY.

In the first half of last century the great-grandfather of Sir Redvers married the heiress of the Goulds of Downes, near Crediton, since which time the head of the fine old family—whose somewhat arrogant motto, by the way, declares that eagles do not catch flies—has made Downes his residence, while a younger branch have occupied Morval in Cornwall. The Buller on whom the above-mentioned barony of Churston was conferred was the grandson of Sir Francis Buller, one of the most eminent of our legal luminaries of the last century. He was a Judge of the Court of King's Bench, and he left behind him a great and lasting reputation in the annals of jurisprudence.



MRS. BARRY AS CONSTANCE.
"I will not keep this form upon my head."



MR. MACREADY AS KING JOHN AND MR. COOPER AS HUBERT.
KING JOHN: Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eyes on yon young boy.



JOHN KEMBLE AS KING JOHN.
"Within me is a hell!"



MISS JULIA NEILSON

THE CONSTANCE OF MR. TREE'S GRAND REVIVAL OF "KING JOHN" TO-NIGHT AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAFAYETTE, NEW BOND STREET, W



MR. HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

WHO PRODUCES "KING JOHN" ON A MAGNIFICENT SCALE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE TO-NIGHT, AND PLAYS THE PART OF THE KING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE FIFES OF FAIRLIE.

Mr. William Fife, the designer of the *Shamrock*, is the third of that name who has carried on the business of a yacht-builder at the little village of Fairlie, on the Ayrshire coast. The first of the line was the son of the village carpenter in the latter part of the last century. At that time—before the days of the Glasgow docks—large vessels would anchor for days in Fairlie Roads, and young Fife used to delight in visiting them. To facilitate this enjoyment, he made a boat of his own. The little craft was a model of good workmanship, and soon after it was launched the young carpenter was offered a price which tempted him to sell it. Immediately after its disposal, he started to work upon another, and this in its turn was sold at a handsome figure almost as soon as it was completed. Thus he changed the craft of carpenter for that of boat-builder.

In the course of time, William Fife undertook more ambitious work, building a 50-ton cutter in 1812, the *Lamlash*, for the Commodore of the newly established Royal Northern Yacht Club. A few years later, the *Gleam*, a 30-ton racer, gave Fairlie the fame it has ever since enjoyed among yachting-men. Fairlie Yard, it may be added, is also noted in the annals of Clyde shipbuilding for having produced one of the earliest



WILLIAM FIFE, SENIOR, OF FAIRLIE.

Photo by John Fergus, Blackdales, Largs.

steamships. She was called the *Industry*, and until a few years ago could be seen in Bowling Harbour as a curious relic of primitive steam-navigation, as well as an object-lesson in strong, sound building. In 1884 she was "broken up," which, with a ship, is as good as dying in one's bed at an advanced age. This was the fate of her builder in 1866, when he had just entered his eighties.

William Fife the Second, the present head of the family, is spoken of as "a chip of the old block" by the neighbours who remember his father. I have his own authority for it that he is seventy-seven—a hale, bluff old man, tanned by sunshine and sea-air, who, in the midst of a heavy downpour, when I am hidden under a big umbrella, strides about with a fine disregard for the trivial vicissitudes of the weather. His favourite theme just now is the talent of his "boy," the designer of Sir Thomas Lipton's yacht. But, in his time, William Fife the Second designed and built boats, such as the *Fiona*, *Bloodhound*, and *Neptune*, which were second to none of their contemporaries.

William Fife the Third, who was born at Fairlie forty-one years ago, has had a somewhat different training than had his father and grandfather, I suppose. But although there is less of the rough diamond about him, his friends say that he has the same good qualities of the heart which have given "old Fife" his popularity in Ayrshire. Having studied the art and the science of shipbuilding at Fairlie, Mr. Fife acted for some time as manager of a small yard for iron and steel vessels near Maybole. But heredity asserted itself; this kind of work was not so congenial as the production of yachts, and in 1886 he rejoined his father at Fairlie.

Since that date, three hundred and fifty boats have been designed there under his inspiration. Some have been built at Fairlie itself, some in various places elsewhere on our coasts, others in Continental and American ports. The *Canada*, the *Annasona*, *Isolde*, and *Ailsa* are among the best-known. The *Canada*, it may be remembered as of good omen to-day, secured the Championship of the American Lakes for the Dominion against the Republic, the race taking place three years ago on Lake Erie.

The Fairlie Yard now employs about forty men and lads. They are nearly all natives of Fairlie who have been trained for their work from boyhood by the Fifes. In the course of the year probably ten or a dozen yachts, of from ten to a hundred tons apiece, will be begun and finished at Fairlie, their value varying from £50 to £100 a-ton. The *Shamrock*, which had to be built in a large yard with machinery for dealing with metals, is estimated

to have cost £30,000 from first to last, Mr. Fife, as the designer, receiving a fee of 5 per cent. upon her cost. It is the record price for a racing-yacht in this country.

Devoted entirely to yacht-building, in which there is little besides wood-work, the Fifes' Yard is a striking contrast to the mammoth shipbuilding establishments on the Clyde. The smith's work is done at the village forge. The light iron buildings on the shore scarcely disturb Fairlie's picturesque aspect, and such noise as proceeds from them is chiefly of joiners' tools. At the same time, a few minutes spent in going through the several "shops," the drawing office—adorned with models of famous keels—and the "laying-on" room, &c., suffice to greatly impress a visitor with the amount of care and skill required for the production of modern racing-yachts. The old house of the Fifes is close to the yard—a pretty, ivy-covered dwelling, of which it must be pleasant to think as home when the designer of the *Shamrock* is abroad on his professional engagements. William Fife the Third is a bachelor, but his father introduced me to a little grandson, a daughter's child, who may possibly continue the dynasty as William the Fourth.

Walking through the village to the railway station, I discovered a curious off-shoot to the world-famous business of the Fifes. This was a model-yacht industry carried on in a cottage by an old boatman named Boyd. He has turned out as many as three thousand model yachts in a year. They find a ready sale among Glasgow dealers at prices of a shilling to forty shillings apiece.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.



WILLIAM FIFE, JUNIOR, OF FAIRLIE.



FIFE'S YACHT-BUILDING YARD, FAIRLIE.



POLICEMAN: (*angrily*) Where's your light?

CYCLIST (*dreamily*): Why—didn't you—blow—yer whistle?

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

The second Dreyfus Court-Martial has come and gone, and the deliberate wrong-doing of five military judges has burnt in upon the escutcheon of France the stain left there by the ignorance and carelessness of their predecessors. There is no such excuse for the members of this Court. They were set to try a single definite issue; they deliberately disregarded the legal limitations of the case, and heard evidence, or rather, hearsay, on anything however remotely connected with the prisoner. The President of the Court habitually shielded the witnesses for the prosecution, and checked the witnesses and counsel for the defence. Finally, the prisoner is found guilty of having communicated certain documents to a foreign Power, when not a tittle of evidence has been produced to show that these documents ever existed, that Captain Dreyfus ever had them or tried to get them.

And then, the prisoner being condemned for an act of treason, without the slightest excuse or reason, without even such pecuniary need, such foreign extraction, as could be pleaded in defence of Esterhazy, is recommended to mercy by a majority of the judges, receives a sentence far less in duration and severity than his former doom, and is to be spared a fresh degradation, by the unanimous intercession of his judges! There can be only one meaning to this. If Dreyfus was a traitor, he deserved no pity, no mitigation. The prisoner has been found guilty "with extenuating circumstances"; and the extenuating circumstances are—that he is innocent, and the judges know it.

The only proof that any documents were delivered to anybody is the bordereau. Now, the handwriting of this famous document is rather like Dreyfus's; but it is very much more like Esterhazy's. It is written on paper such as Dreyfus is not known to have used, and such as Esterhazy undoubtedly did use. Finally, Dreyfus swears he did not write the bordereau, and Esterhazy swears that he himself did. But all this, though enough to wreck the case against Dreyfus, is nothing to the crucial statement by the author of the document, that he was going to the Manœuvres. In May 1894 Dreyfus knew that he was not going to the Manœuvres. Some of the documents mentioned in the covering letter he could not have obtained before the summer of the same year. Two explanations were produced of this fatal discrepancy—the Court might take its choice. Either Dreyfus, when he said "Manœuvres," meant something entirely different, or else, when he said "he was going," he meant that he thought he could get a special permission to go, for which, so far as is known, he never even asked.

It is useless to dwell on evidence. The evidence against Esterhazy is ten times stronger than against Dreyfus, and yet Esterhazy would very likely be acquitted, or rather, allowed to escape, by a bench of honest judges, or an impartial jury. Dreyfus was condemned by order. Nor is it remarkable that he was condemned. Here were seven officers, none higher in rank than a Colonel, seeing the chief Generals of the Army appearing as witnesses, as counsel for the prosecution, brow-beating and insulting witnesses favourable to the prisoner, and remaining defiant even when confessing to acts which would once have sent them to the gallows, and ought now to send them to a convict prison—the use of forged documents, the alteration of dates and words to make a paper bear against the prisoner. These Generals the subordinate officers were used to obeying; in war they would have to go to certain death if their superiors ordered them in the name of their country. Those same superiors now ordered them to condemn a man who, after all, might possibly be guilty. If his guilt could not be positively proved, neither could his innocence; it was just possible that Bertillon's intricate and ingenious system was not the insanity it seemed to be. He might have been in league with Esterhazy, he might have had the documents mentioned in the bordereau.

It is not necessary, therefore, to wonder very much at the decision, iniquitous as it is. The majority for condemnation was the minimum necessary; the penalty was as inadequate for a guilty man as it was cruel for an innocent man. Already the cool fit is succeeding to the hot exultation of the Anti-Semite papers. The volume and unanimity of the condemnation echoed from all Europe and America has given pause to all but a few frantic "patriots." What if the nations' sympathy with Dreyfus should boycott the Exhibition of 1900? What if the German Emperor, who has just been, by implication, called a liar by the verdict of Rennes, should take offence? And, at that idea, a cold fear must penetrate even the General Staff. Reversing Prince Bismarck's boast of Germany, the Generals of the Mercier-Roget gang do not fear God, but fear almost everyone else.

It is probable, therefore, that some kind of quibble will be resorted to to release Dreyfus soon, even if the French Government does not dare to do justice. It is true that the victim has been a symbol of a political conflict; and it is true, too, that a good many of those marching under his banner are persons whose adherence would damage any cause. There is nobody nearly so bad as those remarkable creatures Rochefort, Drumont, and Guérin, who in a really civilised country would be shot at sight. But there are plenty of Anarchists and flabby cosmopolitan philanthropists, such as in our own country strengthen the dirty hands of the Boer oligarchy. All this is the penalty of delay. A Government or a state of society that denies justice will see all its enemies take up the righteous cause for sinister ends.

MARMITON.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

Whether everybody who says he discovered Bexhill did so or not, I do not know. What I do know is that the eggs—and the connection between eggs and Christopher Columbus is obvious—are absolutely irreproachable at Bexhill. Be that as it may, Bexhill is Continental *pur et simple*. In the morning, when you rise, after having partaken of *café au lait*—and, upon my honour as a Bexhillian foreigner, you can get *café au lait* at Bexhill—you stroll upon the parade and spend a penny, to hear what is going on in England, at your favourite kiosk; after which you bathe *en famille*—if you haven't a family of your own, you bathe with somebody else's—and then you go for a ride on your bicycle along the Boulevard.

By this time you speak French like a native, so you turn your attention to German, and spend the rest of the day in the beautiful Kursaal listening to the fine Viennese band presided over by the celebrated Herr Wurms, and finish up with an illuminated al-fresco concert, where the band plays "Die Wacht am Rhein"—or is it the "Marseillaise"?—to the tune of "God Save the Queen," in the charming grounds of the Manor House, thrown open for this purpose by the presiding genius of Bexhill, Earl De-La-Warr, the English nobleman who has virtually made Bexhill.

Après quoi le déluge—which, being interpreted, means you go home to bed.

What's more, you go home to sleep, and that, as all good people in England know, does not always go without the saying. Yes, at Bexhill to go to bed is to go to sleep—sweet, refreshing sleep, as refreshing and as sweet as the sweet, refreshing air. You turn your face one way, and your lips are salt with the kisses of the sea; you turn your face the other way, and your breath is fragrant with the kisses of the little Common air, for we have a Common at Bexhill, paradise of children and of those greater children, the lovers, who look through the gates of Eden in each other's eyes. As a friendly fellow-foreigner remarked to me the other day, "It is the only thing common about Bexhill"; and he expected me to laugh. As a matter of fact, I did, for at the same time he invited me to dinner, and in Bexhill there are at least three places where one can dine. This is a better arrangement than appears at first sight, for at Bexhill one's appetite is so keen that, instead of one dinner, one would always like to have three. The only thing that restrains one's ardour in the direction of eating is that to be greedy is to be vulgar, and vulgarity and Bexhill are as far asunder as Bexhill and a pier. Oddly enough, Bexhill holds that piers, like niggers, are low. Consequently, Bexhill is pierless in every acceptance of the word bar the one who lives at the old Manor House.

In the days before Christopher Columbus, the old Manor House was a farm. Previous to that, it was a palace where the Bishops of Chichester, wise as they were godly, took up their summer residence at Bexhill. Now the Manor House has completed the circle, and come round to her pristine glory again.

Talking of her pristine glory reminds me that I owe Bexhill an apology, for I have robbed her of a glory which is not pristine but present. In the Christopher Columbus period, Bexhill was Bexhill, just plain Bexhill, penny-plain Bexhill. Now, Bexhill has risen to the aristocracy of her surroundings, and a hyphen—two hyphens, in fact—and is Bexhill-on-Sea.

Penny plain before—and tuppence coloured now? Not so, *amigo mio*; that tuppence was never coined at the Mint which could be applied as a standard of value to Bexhill-on-Sea.

There are heaps of things to do—golfing, cycling, driving, walking, kursaaling, bathing; but these are ordinary commonplace things: you can do these things anywhere. There is one which belongs exclusively, absolutely, uniquely, to Bexhill-on-Sea—to hire a hammock-chair and sit the morning through and play Canute when the tide is coming in. The fascination of this thing lies in that, unlike that ancient King, your feet will not get wet. In other watering-places the sea encroaches upon the land. At Bexhill-on-Sea the land encroaches upon the sea. Steadily, slowly, surely, the sea recedes. Some say the sea will one day go out and never go back. Others say that the sea will only go far enough that the submerged forest, one of Bexhill-on-Sea's glories, may be more fully exposed to view. Personally, I believe that the sea is a vain coquette, who runs away a little in the hope that Bexhill will run after her and fetch her back.

This, however, is a serious article, and this looks perilously like frivolling. But who wouldn't frivol at Bexhill-on-Sea?

Let those who want serious things go elsewhere. Don't let them come to Bexhill—Bexhill with her sea-scoured beach, bright with many-coloured tents, gay with the sound of music, radiantly bathing herself in the downpouring of the sun. The children are laughing and capering; the "Mixed Biscuits"—Bexhill-on-Sea's own name for those who go down to the sea in French bathing-dresses: we are nothing if not Continental at Bexhill-on-Sea—are holding hands and gaily shouting in the water; the older folk are waving hands from the Kursaal to friends in the daintily kept gardens; the cyclists, with towels on back, come whistling down the Boulevard. Music, laughter, wind, sun, sea. Are there bills to pay? Are there ills to be cured? Are there cares to be worried about? Pooh! Who cares about worries and bills at Bexhill-on-Sea? The sun and the wind have driven them all away.

Pretty little Bexhill! Gay little Bexhill! Continental little Bexhill-on-Sea! *Comment-vous portez-vous? Wie gehts? Buon giorno?*—which, being interpreted, means "The top of the morning to you, Bexhill-on-Sea!"



A DELIGHTFUL WATERING-PLACE: BEXHILL-ON-SEA.

1. Earl De-La-Warr's Residence. 2. The Kursaal. 3. Marine Parade and Band-stand. 4. Bexhill Church. 5. A Tropical Garden. 6. Marine Mansions.
7. New Golf Hotel. 8. The Town Hall. 9. The Fine Beach.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

A SHOP-WALKER'S TRANSGRESSION.

BY KATHARINE TYNAN.

When they were married they were head-over-ears in love with each other.

She was a little governess, softly pink and glowing, dowered with the virtues that adorn the domestic hearth, ready to think a little home of her own Paradise after her years of service among the *bourgeoisie*, where she was "only the governess" to mistress and servants and children alike.

She had swung between heaven and earth, like the Prophet's coffin, and belonged to neither. She had come into the drawing-room to play after dinner, if her mistress had friends dining; but no one came to turn the music for her, or to ask her if she were tired, or to offer her refreshment.

To the mistress she was a servant; with the servants she must be a lady. Therefore, when a servant kinder and gentler-natured than the rest came to the house, she did not dare to speak to her as one human creature to another. But, as a rule, they were greedy, blackmailing harpies, those servants. Her letters were not given to her, her rare visitors were turned away, unless out of her miserable wages she gave bribes to one or another.

The children were what their mother had made them—arrogant, greedy little snobs, with a taste for saving which made their Post Office Savings-Bank book dear to them as to other children their toys and games.

It was an unspeakable relief when Syd Duncan, whom she had known all her life and admired timidly, began to call for her on her free Sunday afternoon, and to show her by many little signs that he was interested in her.

Syd was a very good imitation of a gentleman, and little Polly, in her negative way, was quite a lady. He was a shop-walker in a big shop, and was popular with lady customers, as well from the urbanity of his manners as for his good looks and straight, well-set-up figure.

Polly could hardly believe in her own amazing felicity when Syd Duncan really fell in love with her.

"It was only pity at first, little girl," he said; "but, hang it all! it is myself ought to be pitied now."

"Oh, Syd!" cried Polly, redder than a rose, and unable to imagine how anyone could pity such a splendid fellow as Syd.

"Don't keep me long waiting, child," he panted, "or I shall storm Mrs. Carteret's great black house, slay the dragon and the young dragons, and carry you off by main force to a desert island, where you and I will be together for ever."

Polly only hid her face on Syd's coat-sleeve. His love-making was almost as disquieting as it was rapturous.

However, it prevailed to win him a short day, and, to Mrs. Carteret's indignation, she was obliged to accept a much shorter notice from her governess than she liked.

But, as this sufficed to set up a grievance, and so free her from any possible necessity for giving Polly a wedding-present, the inconvenience served a purpose after all.

They were married one halcyon day of May. Neither of them was superstitious enough to sacrifice nearly a month of happiness by postponing to luckier June. They went home to the little house in the suburbs which Syd had taken, and where he was wisely content to spend his honeymoon.

The firm had given him a fortnight's holiday. It was the May of the poets, and the little fruit-trees in the garden were all bridal.

For that fortnight they picnicked happily. Polly's housekeeping instincts would often have drawn her even from Syd's side to set about getting the house straight, but her husband held her with a jest and a caress.

"You will have lots of time, little woman," he said, "when I am back at Merriman's, and longing for you through the hot days. Then it will be delicious to come home and find all spick and span, and my little wife presiding over a cosy tea-table. At present I love the litter. Let us honeymoon while we may."

The fortnight passed too quickly, and Syd went back to the shop.

It comforted Polly for his absence to feel that she was now free to set straight and make pretty, and to train little Jane, whom her Aunt Susan had sent her from Devonshire to be her small servant-maid.

Polly had the making of a notable housekeeper, and presently she had all in the daintiest order, and Syd surrounded by such comfort as he had never known in his life.

For a while it was Paradise—quite a long while; then things settled down to a more prosaic peace and contentment; when they grew humdrum to Syd he could hardly have said himself. Yet, as the years went, while the colour of life was rose-colour to Polly, Syd came to find it drab and dull.

No child had come to the little house. Perhaps that partly accounted for Syd's discontent. The woman, who is supposed to need the child most, often has no such need while she is all in all to the man. To Polly, Syd was all in all, and his love and the care of him enough. To Syd, Polly's dainty, delicate ways became in time old-maidish, and the quiet, pure little house less desirable than the slatternly abodes of his

friends, where headless horses and broken drums and children's dirty little shoes littered the rooms, and the children themselves took dust-baths in the garden-beds and fell downstairs gaily.

His friends' wives did not hit it off with Polly, and she visited them little. She was supposed to be rather a dull little woman, and with finicking ways ill-suited to the vulgar and bustling matrons who would have made her circle.

So, as the years passed, Syd went about by himself, and Polly waited for him at home with a patience that never failed.

The very patience became an offence to Syd at last. It was about the time when a young woman like a tragedy queen was employed to show off mantles at Merriman's that Syd began to be vaguely irritated by his wife's slack step and a new carelessness in putting on her clothes.

"My God," he said, "what a fool I've been!"

He had shut himself in one evening, as he had been doing of late, ostensibly to smoke a pipe in the little room which was his own, but where Polly, for so many years, had sat opposite to him night after night, with her big basket of mending beside her.

By degrees he had made her feel that she was not expected there any longer, and Polly had taken to sitting alone in the little dining-room downstairs.

"My God!" he cried again, "what a fool I have been! If I were but free, Clarice would marry me; if I were but free!"

He had buried his face in his hands, and his pipe had gone out; even that lacked consolation for him.

"Syd," murmured his wife's voice at his elbow; "Syd, what is it, dear?"

"Why are you come here?" he asked harshly. "Is there not one spot of the house where I am free from you?"

Polly started away from him, terrified.

"I thought," she stammered; "I thought I would come and ask you to forgive me for whatever I have done. . . . I don't know what it is, Syd . . . but whatever it is, I am sorry."

"Go away," he groaned, "or I shall be more a beast than I am."

But Polly did not go. Instead, she stood there with her little face like a martyr's.

"Tell me what it is, Syd . . ." she said, with her hand against her heart. . . . "It is surely something we can set right, between us, however bad it may be."

He looked at her with bloodshot eyes.

"It is nothing you can set right, child; nothing that can be set right for either of us. There is one thing you can do. You can let me go."

"Let you go!"

"Yes; I can't answer for myself if you keep me. Don't you see that I am growing to hate you, you poor, unhappy child?"

She stared at him, and then caught at the table for support.

"Hate me, Syd! But what have I done?"

"You are standing between me and a woman I love. There, I never loved you. It was all folly, a boy's folly. You are not the kind of woman men love as I love. . . . Clarice. She would marry me only for you."

"I should be glad to die to set you free."

He gnashed his teeth.

"I have not yet arrived at thinking that. . . . I might, perhaps, if I had to come home to you night after night much longer. I shall leave you here and go my own way. You will hardly miss me after a while. You will have your house and your garden. You are not the sort of woman to have had a husband like me. You are too good, too passionless. Ah, why did I ever marry you?"

She looked as if he had struck her, but she answered him quietly—

"When would you go, Syd?"

"Now, to-night, as soon as possible. I have the devil loose in me. The sooner I go, the better."

"I shall put up your valise. To-morrow, I will send your other things if you will tell me where."

"Why, good God, are you my housekeeper or my wife? I had rather you stabbed me, as Clarice would if I had played her a trick like this."

"Hush!" she said with a dignity which silenced him; "we need say no more. I shall send Jane to you with your valise."

"You will stay here?"

"For the present, at all events."

"I will see that you do not want for money."

"Keep your money," she said, with a red spot on each cheek. "I have Aunt Deborah's two hundred pounds to draw upon till I can earn again."

A little later, Syd Duncan slunk out of his house like a thief.

After that, Polly was very ill, and Jane—no longer little Jane—hurriedly summoned Aunt Susan, Polly's last living relative, from Devonshire.

When Polly came to herself, Aunt Susan was sitting by her bed, making a patchwork quilt, with her spectacles on her nose. Just so, Polly remembered her when she had visited her in Devonshire as quite a little girl.

She watched for a minute or two the quiet old face, and the cap with its peach-coloured ribbons nodding above it.



The Marquess of Quex (Mr. Maurice Mancini). The Duchess of Strood (Miss Mabel Beardsley). Miss Muriel Eden (Miss Rose Ralph). Sophie Fullgarney (Miss Blakiston).

"THE GAY LORD QUEX" ON TOUR.

This photograph of "The Gay Lord Quex" shows the original Provincial Company run by Messrs. Morell and Mouillot, in whose theatre at Bournemouth it was recently played for the first time out of London. It was taken by Messrs. Miell and Ridley, of Bournemouth.



SCHOOLBOYS BATHING IN THE "DANCING-LADY" POOL, NEAR SWANAGE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MIELL AND RIDLEY, BOURNEMOUTH.

"Aunt Susan," she said weakly, "do you know that Syd has left me?"

The old woman jumped up briskly, and set a cup of beef-tea to warm.

"There, child," she said; "don't talk about it now. Get well enough to travel, and then I'm going to take you home to Rose Cottage with me."

"I should like to go for a little while," said Polly; "but I am coming back here again."

"What for, child? You are done with this town and its wicked ways."

"What has become of Syd? You sent him word?"

Miss Tuxton's face turned an angry red.

"We sent him word, of course; but he had gone to Paris. He has taken a situation with another house. A friend of his came down here while you were ill, a Mr. Reed. He said things I could hardly believe."

"I know," said Polly quietly. "He said that Syd was in love with another woman. It is true. Did Mr. Reed know anything about her?"

"Don't ask me, child."

"It would worry me more not to know. Where is she?"

"She is in Paris," the old woman said in a low voice.

For a few minutes Polly was silent, and lay with her face turned away. Then she allowed her aunt to hold the beef-tea to her lips, and by degrees drank it all. When she had finished, she smiled wanly up at the old woman's face.

"Anything else, Aunt Susan?"

"Yes; he left a sum of money with Mr. Reed for you, and said he would remit regularly. I told the man to send it back where it came from. You don't need his provision."

"Not yet, at all events."

"Now, you are going to be a good girl, and go to sleep again."

"Aunt Susan, do you know there is a special reason why I should live, though . . . he . . . has left me?"

"My poor child, yes. The doctor told me. He said it would have killed most women, under the circumstances; but that you had a constitution, and would probably be all right since you had weathered the first shock."

"I am glad. It is something to live for. I ought to have told Syd. Perhaps he would not have been so cruel."

"He did not know?"

"He had become unkind just then, and I did not tell him. Now I am going to sleep, Aunt Susan. Take me away as soon as you can. I must grow strong quickly."

A few months later, Polly, a sad little likeness of her former self, was saying good-bye to Rose Cottage and Aunt Susan.

"It will only be till Christmas," she said, clasping the old woman to her breast. "At Christmas you will surely come."

"I won't leave you by yourself, child, then, you may be sure of that."

"You will come all that journey in the depth of winter for me?"

"I am as strong as a little pony. And meanwhile Jane will take care of you. I am proud of Jane—I might have trained her myself."

"You might indeed."

"Even now, child, I wish you would stay. We should be so happy together!"

"But what if Syd were to come and find the house empty? I have thought of it all the time, and it has made me eager to be gone. It is only . . . for the baby's sake I have stayed."

"Ah!" said the old woman sadly; "he is more to you than I, after all, though he has treated you so badly."

"He is my husband. There are some women to whom that means nothing. There are some to whom it means everything. It means everything to me."

"And you will forgive him?"

"Utterly."

"If he never comes, you poor child?"

"He will come."

It was almost two years from then, when Syd Duncan came home in a May twilight.

The affair with Clarice was all over, burnt out and in ashes long ago, and Clarice herself was the wife of a wealthy Paris shopkeeper. It had been no very lurid scandal, after all. Clarice was not the woman to sacrifice substantial advantages to a love-affair with a married man, despite her tragedy-queen face and figure. She allowed Syd Duncan to follow her to Paris, to be her slave till she grew tired of oppression and his fetters began to gall. Then she said good-bye to romance and gave her hand to her middle-aged French admirer.

So much for her part of it. Syd Duncan's had not been so light. The ravages of passion and disillusionment were on his handsome face. A sprinkling as of ashes was about his temples.

He had come back to London, but had had no news of Polly, except that his friend Reed had told him that she had been taken charge of by the old Devonshire aunt. No doubt she had taken her to Devonshire with her. Humbly Syd Duncan longed now to see his wife's gentle face. He had sinned against her past forgiveness, but, unseen himself, he longed to look upon her again. His pilgrimage to their

old house was part of this longing. He felt it would be exquisitely painful to revisit the place, and yet the desire upon him was too strong to be resisted.

The cottage was in a countrified road, with the grounds of some institution opposite, so that only trees were in sight from it. He met no one in the road. The neighbours, as in the old days, would no doubt be gardening at this hour and season.

He came in sight of his old home at last, and found it unchanged. There was no one at the windows, and the little hedge was in such leaf that he could peer across it undetected in the dim twilight if anyone were there. He stood wondering who inhabited now the scene of the happiness he had thrown away. A little lamp burnt in the window of an upstairs room, the room which had been theirs. He had an odd fancy that it might be a little star to beckon home a wanderer. He closed his hand in his agitation on the sweet-briar in the hedge; the sweetness, remembered, smote him like a pain.

Suddenly, the door of the house opened, and there stood, framed in the dusk of the hall beyond, the sturdy, straddling figure of a little child.

He gazed at it stupidly, and a sense of some old want awoke in him. So there was a child—children, perhaps—where he and Polly had been childless.

The little figure advanced a step or two on the grass-bordered path, then began running, while a bewildering voice came in pursuit—

"Ah, little rogue! Mother will catch you; mother will!"

It was Polly's voice. It was Polly herself who caught up the struggling boy and hoisted him to her shoulder.

Syd drew back into the shadow. He felt as if the world were falling in pieces about him. Polly's child! His child! What could it mean?

Polly came to the little gate and looked up and down the road, as though she thought someone might be coming. The child looked with her, as if it were a usual thing to do. Then Polly's voice spoke to the child, a little sadly, "Not to-night, darling, not to-night; but perhaps to-morrow night."

And the child, with a falling inflection of his voice, mimicked her "to-morrow night."

She turned to go in, but her husband's arms were around her and the child. She showed no alarm.

"I knew you would come," she said.

"Oh, Polly, is he really ours?"

"He is ours, yours and mine. See how well I have kept him for you! He expects you, too. I have taught him to look for you."

"Oh, Polly, is it possible you can forgive me? Are there such women in the world?"

She put the child into his arms.

"Come," she said, "it is time for him to be asleep. How well you hold him!"

They went into the house, with the boy between them, and the door closed behind them.

THE GREAT YACHT RACE.

It may be interesting to recall, apropos of the forthcoming race between *Shamrock* and *Columbia*, that the prize popularly known as the "America Cup" here, and the "Queen's Cup" in America, should really be called the "Royal Yacht Squadron's Cup," for it was given by this Club in 1851, and was in that year raced for in English waters, and carried off by Commodore Stevens's celebrated schooner, the *America*. Since that year England has failed to recapture it time after time. The efforts on our part have been somewhat intermittent, for English yachtsmen have doubtless felt discouraged by long-continued failure, and by the conditions imposed by the American holders. In 1870, in 1871, in 1876, and in 1881 we built excellent yachts, and sailed them without success.

The names of many of our unfortunate champions have long been forgotten by the general public; but the *Genesta*, Sir Richard Sutton's yacht, beaten by the *Puritan* in 1885; the *Galatea*, owned by Lieutenant Henn, R.N., defeated by the *Mayflower* in 1886; the Scotch syndicate's *Thistle*, outailed by the *Volunteer* in 1887; and Lord Dunraven's *Valkyrie*, defeated in somewhat unfortunate circumstances in 1893, will probably be familiar to most of my readers. It was the advent of *Galatea* that brought the American designer, Burgess, to the front with his wonderful yachts *Mayflower* and *Volunteer*. Even the Americans will hardly grudge *Shamrock* victory should Sir Thomas Lipton's costly boat bring us back the coveted trophy after nearly half-a-century of uninterrupted success.

The *Columbia*'s steel mast and telescopic top-mast are by no means such novelties in the shipbuilding world as they are supposed to be, for some eighteen or twenty years ago the idea was prevalent, and an experiment in this direction was made by a Dr. Smith, of Greenpoint, New York, who owned a sloop called the *Phantom*. Her first mast snapped short off, just as did the *Columbia*'s, and a great deal of difficulty was experienced in dislodging the lower half of the broken spar. The second mast was, therefore, made with two flanges standing a few inches above the deck of the yacht and connected with bolts, so that, if a part of the mast above the deck broke, the flanges could be disconnected and a new mast placed in position without the necessity of working below the decks. The two masts were both supplied with top-masts telescoping into the centre of the spars, so as to make them flush the whole way up.

MR. GEORGE GIDDENS AT HOME.

It is not often that our actors are so busy when they are not acting or rehearsing as is the actor whose portrait is presented herewith. Mr. Giddens, when I called upon him, was only just recovering from two severe affairs. One was the worry incidental to a broken leg; the other was the wear-and-tear induced by having had, at short notice, to stage-manage the new Vaudeville farcical comedy, namely, "The Elixir of Youth," fully described last week. Mr. Giddens's many humorous impersonations, from the time of his burlesque and farce acting in

returning to his own, his native land, he sent three paintings to the Royal Academy; and lo! to the young comedian's astonishment, they were all accepted!

But, alas! (and the sometime "giddy Giddens" almost wept as he recounted this) the Academy accepters did not say of those apparently somewhat deathless pictures, "Hang 'em!" Which, as the unchanged actor remarked with truth, is as bad as being engaged for a piece and then not being "cast" therein, but having to "walk about," as actors say.



MR. GEORGE GIDDENS, OF THE VAUDEVILLE: TAKEN AT HIS HOME, 4, ALBERT ROAD, REGENT'S PARK.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY R. W. THOMAS, CHEAPSIDE.

the provinces to his highly finished work in Criterion and Vaudeville farcical comedy, are, of course, familiar to *Sketch* readers.

One would think that this man of many parts would have little or no time for the exploitation of fads and fancies, to say nothing of recreations.

For example, it will doubtless be news to some to be told that that excellent low-and-light comedian has not only dabbled in, but has long delighted in, drawing, sketching, and painting for many of the years out of those he has achieved. It was during a voyage to—and a long stay in—Australia that this droll comedian found his ardent love of Nature impelling him, so to speak, to buy a pencil or two and a box of paints, and, armed therewith, to start sketching and painting this or that landscape or seascape in the few intervals that fell to him between the many rehearsals incident to a travelling company. That Mr. Giddens, although then in the early bloom of manhood, did not pencil and paint altogether in vain is shown by the fact that, ere long, on

This unchangingness, however, did not prevent Low-Comedian Giddens from continuing to seek to attain the Presidency of the Royal Academy, and, when not engaged in directing and playing in "The Elixir of Youth," he is still thus minded.

It is not, however, the Fine Arts that alone allure this "brainy" actor. At the moment of being "taken" (as it were) for *The Sketch*, Mr. Giddens was in the throes of wondering where he would, on the morrow, go seek to throw a fly for the wily trout. Before he and the present writer could interchange many an opinion as to the merits of this or that fly, and before the popular actor was able to give ocular proof of his genius for gardening, of his love for "the chase," and of his ability to witch the world with noble horsemanship (as our mutual friend, William Shakspeare, would say), lo, he was whisked away to show forth—at the Vaudeville—the dangers of absorbing elixirs, whether by hypodermic injection or otherwise.

MISS ALICE PIERCE, THE AMERICAN MIMIC.

From Photographs by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

AS MISS MABEL LOVE.



AS MISS EDNA MAY.



AS SARAH BERNHARDT.



AS YVETTE GUILBERT.

Miss Alice Pierce, the very clever little American mimic and chanteuse who has lately made such immense successes at the Palace Theatre, is now playing at several of the big towns on the South Coast, after which she will return to that home of talent presided over by the veteran Mr. Charles Morton. Miss Pierce made her first success on this side as Fifi in the No. 1 Provincial Company of "The Belle of New York."

WHEN WOMEN SMILE.

BY AMBROSE PRATT.

The smile of pity! It is a pretty smile, one of the prettiest smiles of all. The lips scarcely part, but instead they wreath themselves into the softest possible curves, the corners turning slightly upwards, while the eyes—ah! the eyes, become inexpressibly sympathetic, bewitchingly commiserative. Alma does it admirably. I saw her at it only lately while she listened to a black-moustached American describe how he had lost an arm in the Spanish War; I think, too, it had something to do with the sixpence he slipped afterwards under his plate. It is a useful thing to be able to do sometimes—the smile of pity.

The smile of anger! Alma does this fairly well, but it is not a pretty smile. The lips grow straight and hard; they part and show a pretty row of ivories, it is true, but the glimpse is only fleeting, and the eyes glitter with a cruel expression for the moment. Alma often smiles this way at me when I ask her if she has heard from Frank lately. Frank used to buy Alma chocolates once, but he never comes near the Lounger's Café now, and, strange to say, Alma does not mention his name.

The smile of love! Entrancing! I have seen it twice. The first occasion was one afternoon, when the café was almost deserted, and Frank and I strolled in for a quiet game of dominoes. Alma was there, and when she came for our order she looked so fresh and dainty that I could hardly blame my friend for putting an arm round her waist. Of course, Alma boxed his ears for kissing her, but her smile made amends. Such a pretty, swift smile it was; the lips parted softly, beatifically sweet; the teeth flashed radiant as the sunshine through the parted roses of her lips. The eyes—ah me! the eyes. I am very fond of large brown eyes like Alma's—they were radiant with gladness. All the mirth and brightness in the universe seemed shining there, gathered and glowing through a medium of inextinguishable happiness. I saw the same smile subsequently repeated on my wife's face when I took her to a jeweller's to choose an ornament on the occasion of a certain anniversary. It occurred at the moment when the shopman took a five-hundred-guinea necklace from its case; it disappeared subsequently, but I had time to examine it while she fondled the diamonds.

The smile of pleasure! Not so infrequent a smile as some people imagine. One sees it sometimes on the block, usually about noon, and on the faces of women who have done a long morning's shopping, and, meeting a male friend at its conclusion, he suggests strawberries or ices. It resembles the smile of love in all except the expression of the eyes, which, instead of softness and timidity, now assume an anticipatory—I might even say, a hungry—gleam. Alma has an hour off for lunch at three, and she invariably leaves the café wearing her bonnet and the smile in question.

The smile of gratitude! This smile is never seen upon a woman's face.

The smile of boredom! This is a perfect grin. The lips are dragged out and upwards, but do not part; the cheeks bulge into hard lumps, and the eyes are openly defiant. Alma smiles this way if I keep her talking at one end of the room when her latest "mash" is at the other.

The smile of hate! Indistinguishable, except by a close observer, from the smile of love; the lips wear the same expression; the eyes, however, are smaller, that is all. Alma wears this smile when she kisses a female friend who happens to be wearing a smarter frock than she can afford; she used it also to me when I told her that Frank was married—she tossed her head, and asked me to tell her something stale. Manifestly, she intended this to be sarcastic, but it was absurd, as Frank was made a Benedict only that morning, and I left the church to go straight to tell Alma, knowing how such details interest women.

The smile of sorrow! Painful, pitiful. I do not like this smile. It is a smile of the eyes, for the lips are too trembling to arrange themselves at all, and even the eyes themselves are heavy with unshed tears. Alma came to me with this smile one day, and told me that her employer had discharged her for breaking a mirror, and that she did not know what her little brothers and sisters, who depended on her, would do—it was hard enough to keep them, as it was. It was about this time I learned that women never use the smile of gratitude, for when, upon my representation and paying for the mirror myself merely for the purpose of investigating this particular smile, her employer decided to retain her services, Alma went into hysterics, and spilt a cup of coffee over my shirt-front.

The smile of contempt! The commonest smile of all; a certain recipe for its production is to criticise a woman or offer her advice—the better the advice, the more certain the smile. The upper lip curls upwards, the nose wrinkles, the eyes look down blinkingly, and the *tout ensemble* suggests a sneering but patient and overwhelming superiority over the unfortunate person who occasions it. Alma smiles thus upon me if by chance I should criticise the way she does her hair; she never does her hair properly—in fact, no fair-haired girl ever does; she usually makes some accompanying remark at this time about the inadvisability of men interfering with women's concerns, but, as I am an old married man now, this remark, I must confess, has less effect upon me than formerly it had.

The smile of fun! Only seen upon a woman's face when chatting about nothing with a female friend, or when she is tickled; and as it is invariably accompanied in the one case by a giggle and in the other by a

scream, it is not worth describing; it irritates me to even think of this smile.

The smile of humour! As rare in women as weeping is in a man, and as hideous to look upon. Yesterday, I despaired of ever seeing it—the last smile of which a woman is capable. I was walking down the street, thinking of this smile, and wondering could such a one come to pass; and I met Frank face to face, Frank with his wife and child. "We are shopping," said Frank; "at least, my wife is; she is going to buy up half the town." "Then," said I, "you had better come and have coffee and dominoes with me. I am sure your wife can do without you." Thus appealed to, Mrs. Frank cheerfully acquiesced, but the child clung to Frank. "Me go wif papa," it said prettily; it was a girl, and dressed in green, green of all colours. Frank seemed quite proud of the preference manifested for him, and without even asking my advice, took the child's hand, and followed my lead towards the Lounger's Café. I watched his face narrowly when we entered, but he never gave the smallest sign of discomfiture. "The old place is just the same," he remarked amiably as we sat down. Alma came to serve us. She started and changed colour when she saw Frank; but he never even noticed her: he was untying his daughter's bonnet. "Don't you remember Alma, Frank?" I asked, my innocent remark earning me a scowl from the young woman in question. "What, Alma, you still here!" said Frank, nodding genially to her. "Two cups of coffee, please, and a box of dominoes." Frank returned to the untying of his daughter's bonnet. I sat back and smiled to myself. "Two cups of coffee, please, and a box of dominoes"—what a greeting! I looked at Frank, who used to be the dandy of our set, and marvelled at the result of marriage in his case; he had grown untidy and sleek and fat—poor Alma! Presently Alma returned, carrying on a tray the coffee and dominoes. Frank's face was turned from her, and he was now busy with the child's pinafore; the child was sucking a lump of sugar. Alma looked at Frank and at his child, then back again to Frank, and smiled. It was a long smile; it lasted five seconds at least; it lasted till she had put down the tray, long enough for me to make sure to fasten its features on my brain. "Hurrah!" I almost shouted in rapture, for I could scarcely believe in my luck. Some day I may actually shout "hurrah!" if I sell somebody a gold-mine, but I could not be more pleased than I was at that moment. Alma had smiled. Oh, it was exquisite, that smile! All the emotions of which the heart is capable were pictured in the subtle movement of her lips. Love, jealousy, hatred, contempt, pity, joy, anguish, bitterest loathing, tenderest sympathy, all were mingled in swift and wondrous harmony, and moulded marvellous-wise upon her face. She looked from Frank to his child, and back again to Frank, and smiled. How I remember it, how I revel in it! Most women's smiles require an audience to interpret them, in order to produce the effect for which they are issued. Alma was her own audience, and the effect was in her own heart. She sought no sympathy, she never guessed that I watched her; she was absorbed in her own thoughts, plunged in the torture of meditation—a torture so profound that it excluded from her physical vision all the objects it encountered, save only Frank and his child. Perhaps, had she known I saw her, she would not have smiled—and yet I think it was something beyond her control that wrought her features into the expression of that terrible derision. How the eyes hated and loved and wept, though they were dry and shining, for eyes do not always need tears to weep; how the lips muttered and mocked and laughed at Frank, at the child, at herself! It was sublime! What was the culminating point, I wonder? To what mental agony had the soul reached before it ended in that bubble of laughter, revenging itself upon its features, its lips and its eyes, and torturing them into that marvellous smile—had memory anything to do with it? And when she glanced at Frank and noted the changes which time and marriage had wrought in him, and then at the child she so passionately hated because it was not hers—Frank's and hers—perhaps some old remembered jest from a long-disused brain-cell flashed into the sphere of her mind, and, in spite of herself, she smiled. Perhaps the jest was new, the humour strange, but this is unlikely, for women are unimaginative creatures; but, at any rate, she smiled, and, if perfect humour was ever depicted upon a woman's face, it graced poor Alma's then. For humour is born of nothing so much as tragedy, that tangled mingling of the emotions which we know by no better name, and, unnatural child, as soon as it is born it rears its head to first deride its parents, and then laughs—Gods, how it laughs!—at the world and at itself. "Tarry me home, please, papa," said Frank's daughter as we prepared to depart; "me tired." Nothing loth, Frank stooped and took the child in his arms—doting father!

"Good-bye, Alma," I whispered over my shoulder as we reached the door—sympathetically; gratefully, indeed. Alma made no reply; she was stooping behind the pay-counter, as if searching for something, her head bobbing comically up and down. She might have been writhing in the throes of suppressed sobbing, those heart-sobs which never dissolve in tears, but none the less rack the frame in fullest anguish. She did not raise her head, and she made me no reply. It is true she might have been convulsed with mirth, or she might have been merely playing hide-and-seek with a recalcitrant pin or a penny dropped from the till. The naked truth I suppose I shall never know, but I shall not grieve for that. I am more than satisfied with the recollection of that marvellous smile.

THE END OF THE BATHING SEASON.

Dieppe is one of the nearest, and it may be said pleasantest, French seaside resorts, easily reached by way of Newhaven in the fine cross-Channel steamers of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company. It may not be the fashionable place it was ten or fifteen years ago, but smart Parisians and English visitors still find a charm in the old seaport, the lovely country—with historic châteaux—a little inland, and the bathing. The last attraction still retains its position as the fashionable function of the day, preluded by many with shrimping or mussel-gathering on the rocks at low-tide, when a fine stretch of sand is discovered.

"Mixed bathing," which during the last two summers has caused such "a storm in a teapot" at various English seaside resorts, of course prevails. The morning "dip" would to a Frenchwoman or Frenchman be robbed of half its charm were the sexes as rigidly separated as though in an Anglican church. Indeed, were it not permitted, one would no longer see the merry parties in the water, nor Monsieur patiently awaiting the advent of his lady near the row of *cabines* wrapped in his white *peignoir de bain*, or Madame or Mademoiselle cautiously peering from her *cabine* to see if he be there before sallying forth and running down the sloping planks laid on the stones to the water's edge.

And the *cabines*! How delightfully clean they are compared with the old-fashioned machines or the sandy insecurity of the tent! Each with its chair, abundance of pegs, looking-glass, and good light, and in the family ones a settee covered in cretonne often added.

At Dieppe almost everyone bathes, and in comfort. Bathers are of every class and all ages, from the mite of four or five, in her little boy's jersey-suit, to the lady of uncertain age who often wears the most striking of costumes. Paterfamilias bears on his shoulder a scrap of a boy too tiny to be trusted in the water alone, and it may be that grandfather brings up the rear.

Of semi-theatrical costumes in silk, satin, or similar unsuitable fabrics, such as one sees at Deauville,

Tréport, Trouville, or Ostend, there has this year been an almost total absence. The triumph of serge, either navy-blue, white, or red, has been complete, the "cut" of most costumes differing little from that seen at smart English watering-places, a few of the more *chic* dresses

having the knickers quite straight, narrow, and short above the knee, and the blouse-bodice opening to disclose a waistcoat of blue-and-white or red-and-white striped material; the hair, confined in water-proof caps of often picturesque design, or tied up with a tartan silk handkerchief, affording a pleasant "note" of colour. The smart Parisienne breaks the monotony of costume somewhat with her belt with a huge silver buckle and her *corset-de-bain* of canvas or flannel well whaleboned, the very suggestion of which would make a dress-reformer indignant.

But the shrimping and mussel-gathering at morning *basse marée*, as I have before mentioned, is one of the most enjoyable items of the Dieppe visitor's day. The *cabine* for the bathe later on is engaged early, and is used by the shrimpers who do not care to boldly shed their skirts on the beach itself. A party disappears into the two *cabines*, the gentlemen in the most correct of beach attire, and the ladies in fascinating toilettes, to, ten minutes later, issue forth changed beings. The men have rolled up their ducks or flannels and donned a cricket or cloth cap; or have slipped into their bathing-suits right away. The ladies have mostly retained their smart hats, blouses, or bodices, merely shedding their multitudinous and fluttering skirts for uncom-

promising knickerbockers of blue or white serge. At low-tide, dozens of such parties, enjoying their paddle and amateur shrimping to the full, wander along the shore to the nets, now being cleared by the fisher-folk, or further along the shore and rocks to Porville.

The fashionable bathing hour is when the tide has turned and the seaweed-clad rocks along the left of the *plage* begin to be covered by the incoming tide.

Of an afternoon the Casino is thronged with beauty and fashion, and the "little horses" tempt the speculative to stake "a franc or two for fun." The more energetic of the visitors cycle into the country, the roads of which are generally in excellent condition, to some spot of interest, returning in time for dinner and the Casino concert or theatre afterwards.

Such is the average day, and not a bad one for holiday-makers

either, our readers will probably admit. When family bathing, which the local authorities of so many of our own watering-places seem determined to "put down," is a matter for consideration, the quaint and picturesque old town of Dieppe presents undoubted attractions.



"Once on a time there used to be
Two little maids of Normandie."
—OLD SONG.



OSTEND: MIXED BATHING.



BATHING AT DIEPPE.
Photo by Holland, Bournemouth,



BATHING AT DIEPPE: A FAMILY PARTY.
Photo by Holland, Bournemouth

THEATRE GOSSIP.

Since the last issue of *Sketch*, the principal first-night, and, indeed, the most important West-End production, has been Mr. Cecil Raleigh's Drury Lane drama, "Hearts are Trumps," the first Drury Lane drama, and



MR. W. J. R. SPRAGUE, A DIRECTOR OF THE NEW ROYAL DUCHESS THEATRE, BALHAM.

Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.

the first really full-sized play of any kind, which he has yet written all by himself. Full details of this newest extensive production of Mr. Arthur Collins's will, of course, be found in another column. It may, however, here be mentioned, as a matter for future historians and researchers, that this was the first time for many years that the Drury Lane management had to postpone its autumn production from Thursday (its favourite evening for *premieres*) until the following Saturday. The aforesaid historians, however, are hereby advised to take note that the postponement in this connection was deemed necessary not so much because of any unreadiness on the part of the management, as for the reason that the Thursday chosen this time

happened to be the date of the great Hebrew Fast, the "Yom Kippur." This, of course, meant that a large number of Drury Lane first-nighters—and of drama- and music-lovers generally—would, perforce, have to be absent. Why, even "The Ghetto," at the Comedy, had to suffer somewhat in this sense on that evening.

The only other interesting histrionic event since my last week's remarks on theatrical things in general was Mr. Murray Carson's commencement of his ambitious scheme of producing a series of "legitimate" and other sound plays at the Kennington Theatre. At the moment of writing, the first play chosen, namely, "Richard the Third," recovered from the inevitable anxiety and nervousness of so trying a first-night, was still giving evident satisfaction, thanks to the earnest acting of Mr. Carson in the nefarious name-part, of Mrs. Bernard Beere as the queenly but terribly maledictory Margaret, Miss Grace Warner as Princess Anne, Mr. F. H. Macklin as Buckingham, Mr. Luigi Lablache as Richmond, and Miss Bessie Hatton as the Duke of York, a part in which she gained golden opinions when she played it to the Richard of Mr. Richard Mansfield, at the Globe, a few years ago. As for Mr. Carson's Richard, it is of the strong rather than of the subtle kind, and, although it still has its touches of ruggedness and occasional evidences of the need of "more study," it is, nevertheless, in many respects, as meritorious as the similarly melodramatic impersonations of the Crookback Tyrant given by even such well-tried tragedians of the city as those late past-masters of declamation, William Creswick, Charles Dillon, and even Barry Sullivan—the last-named undoubtedly one of the best, if not the best, of the Conventional (or Cibberian) Richards.

At the moment of sending these mems to press, I was given to understand that the next "legitimate" venture which Mr. Murray Carson (in concert with Mr. Robert Arthur, the builder and proprietor of the Princess of Wales's Theatre) attempts will, in all probability, be "The School for Scandal," with, haply, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree as Lady Teazle. This should indeed prove an attraction, especially as Mr. Carson has already at his call a clever and experienced troop of players who are all—or nearly all—equal to playing the chief characters in Sheridan's comedy, which is, as certain street-humorists would say, still "very much alive, O!"

Speaking, as I did above, of Mr. Mansfield (who, however, can, as

a rule, be safely left to speak for himself), it has "transpired" that since *The Sketch* published last week Sir Henry Irving's own, presumably authoritative, denial as to his having "secured" a French-made play concerning Judge Jeffreys, Mr. Mansfield is (also authoritatively) reported to have secured the play in question.

While referring to Sir Henry Irving, it may be as well to mention that at last a theatre has been named after him. One would have thought that, if a theatre were to be so named, it would have been in London Town, which not utterly unimportant little place has been concerned with the first presentations of all Sir Henry's histrionic as well as managerial triumphs. But no; it has been reserved for a second-rate provincial town to thus first do honour to England's leading actor-manager.

Since I wrote last, two new suburban theatres have been added to the still-increasing list of such playhouses. These two beautiful dramatic temples are respectively the Royal Duchess at Balham and the new Theatre Royal at Richmond, surely still the most delightful resort within the London Postal and Police radius. As will be seen from the counterfeit presentments given in this number of *The Sketch*, both these new playhouses reflect the highest credit on their respective architects; Mr. G. W. R. Sprague being responsible for the Balham playhouse, and Mr. Frank Matcham for that at Richmond. Both these gentlemen have achieved extensive records in the gentle art of theatre-building. Indeed, even since Mr. Sprague was a pupil of Mr. Matcham's he has contributed some eighteen new playhouses to London alone; and his nineteenth will shortly be opened, namely, the very handsome new theatre he has designed for Mr. Charles Wyndham in the Charing Cross Road.



MR. ST. JOHN, ACTING-MANAGER OF THE NEW ROYAL DUCHESS THEATRE, BALHAM.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.



ROYAL DUCHESS THEATRE, BALHAM.

Mr. Matcham's list of theatres, music-halls, and so forth, in London and the provinces, reached the respectable total of something like five hundred with the recently finished New Cross Empire, which is the twenty-third Empire run by the ubiquitous firm of Moss and Thornton. Mr. Matcham's next to open will be the said firm's vast Hippodrome next door to Daly's, and that same firm's next Empire will be at Holloway, and will be architecturally the work of Mr. Sprague.

The Royal Duchess, at Balham (to be directed by Mr. Sprague, in connection with Messrs. W. and H. G. Dudley Bennett, of the Shakspeare, Clapham, &c.), is not a beautiful theatre only as regards its façade and outer trappings. It has also a sumptuous and commodious auditorium, as was plain for all to see when Mr. Charles Wyndham and Miss Mary Moore well and truly laid the commemoration-stone at the private view last Saturday, and when the delighted audience attended the public opening on Monday, when that record "theatre-opener," "The Geisha," was performed, with Mr. Hayden Coffin in his original part. The stage is large enough and lavishly fitted enough to "take" any kind of production—yea, even the biggest travelling. In short, this lovely £35,000 playhouse can, for handsomeness and for wise provision for public safety, hold its own with any theatre that could be named, either in the suburbs or the West End.

The new Richmond Theatre Royal and Opera House is also a delightful building, with a splendidly arranged auditorium designed to hold 1227 playgoers, with perhaps "a little one in." The decorations are very pretty and tasteful, and include four panels representing scenes from "Hamlet," "King Lear," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and "Romeo and Juliet."

One of the most interesting features for dramatic enthusiasts who visit Richmond's newest playhouse will doubtless be the medallion-portrait of that electric little tragedian, Edmund Kean, who at Ancient Richmond's Ancient Theatre Royal on the Green (just opposite this new theatre)



EDMUND KEAN, THE GREAT TRAGEDIAN (AT WHOM THE PIT ROSE).
LONG ASSOCIATED WITH THE OLD RICHMOND THEATRE.
From an Old Print.

made his last appearance on any stage. Very pathetic is the account of the enfeebled but still often great actor bracing himself up to play the arduous character of Othello, and anon collapsing during the performance, and being carried off, and hardly rallying again before he made his exit off Life's stage. Kean (*the Kean*, as he is called in Mr. Pinero's brilliant play, "Trelawny of the 'Wells'") was one of the most striking examples ever known of the combination of towering human greatness with extreme human weakness. The new Richmond Theatre is provided with every comfort and appliance that modern ingenuity can devise, and as its proprietor is Mr. F. C. Mouffet, and its manager is Mr. C. E. Hardy, both long locally celebrated for amusement-providing, it will be seen that the new house starts with a capable management.

In addition to Mr. Tree's production of "King John" and Mr. Forbes-Robertson and Mrs. Patrick Campbell's production of "The Moonlight Blossom" (preliminary descriptions of which pieces will be found on another page), the next-dated theatrical novelties include Mr. Kinsey Peile's new comedy, "An Interrupted Honeymoon," to be tried by Miss Granville at the Avenue next Saturday; Messrs. Soane Roby and Stephen Bond's new military drama, "Boy Bob," to be produced by the quaint Miss Louie Freear at the Métropole, Camberwell, on Monday; and Mr. Charles Cartwright's production of his and Mr. H. J. W. Dam's adaptation of Dumas' story, "La Dame de Monsoreau," at the Grand, Islington, on the same evening.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

To his beloved West Country Mr. Baring-Gould pays fresh homage in his "Book of the West" (Methuen), which, by the way, is two books, one being devoted to Devon, another to Cornwall. The two can be read independently, but together they form an excellent miscellany of legend, folk-lore, history, archæology, science, anecdote, and gossip. The compilation and the style are in Mr. Baring-Gould's own peculiar manner. We have no one among our men of letters like him, or, in his own way, equal to him. His industry and the variety of his interests are unparalleled. So is his vitality. There is even a charm in the second-rateness of his work. He is so determined to interest you this very instant in a score of things that he cannot take time to be finicking—or literary, if you like to call it so. Out of a great memory packed full of things old and new, he sends an inexhaustible shower of facts, fancies, theories, and, one must add, chatter. Not here particularly, but certainly elsewhere, he has sometimes been guilty of vulgarising a beautiful tale. But, on the whole, his daring colloquialism, in his stories of saints and fairies, just hits the level of popular imagination. A sense of their reality is the one thing needful in the matter, according to him. A sense of their poetry he leaves to chance. No one can now go to the West Country without these books in his bag, at the risk of a great after-pang for wasting so good an opportunity. But, intended to prepare the mind of the tourist to use guide-books "with discretion," they have that virtue which only unsystematic and partially irrelevant books about places ever possess. They can be read anywhere, in East London as well as on Dartmoor or at Tintagel. The volumes contain an excellent collection of stories. If I give samples, I shall not impoverish the book for the

reader. Here is a fine instance of the defiance hurled by ancient moorland at the *parvenu* who would hurry it into utility. A Manchester moneyed man enclosed some thousands of wild acres, and tried his very utmost to farm them scientifically.

One day an old moor-man met this new-fangled farmer, and said to him: "How do'y, Muster Vowler? I had a dream about yū last night. . . . I falled asleep, and then I saw the gurt old spirit of the moors, old Crockern himself, grey as granite, and his eyebrows hanging down over his glimmering eyes like sedge, and his eyes deep as peat-water pools. Sez he to me, 'Do'y know Mr. Vowler?' 'Well, sir,' sez I, 'I thinks I have that honour.' 'Then,' sez he in turn, 'bear him a message from me. Tell Muster Vowler, if he scratches my back, I'll tear out his pocket.' " And, sure enough, old Crockern did it. After a few years, Dartmoor beat the scientific farmer. He had tried to drain its bogs—it had drained his purse.

Of all the legends of the Wild Huntsman there is none more gruesome than the one given by Mr. Baring-Gould. A moor-man met him with his black, fire-breathing hounds one night, and, in a spirit of bravado, called out, "Hey, huntsman, what sport? Give us some of your game." "Take that," answered the hunter, and flung him something which the man caught and held in his arms. The moor-man reached home, called out for a lantern, and beheld the game—his own baby, dead and cold. But the homely or the humorous stories preponderate, and they are rarely spoilt in the telling. Here is one about the great Drake. It is said that "he left his wife at Lynton, and was away for so long that she believed him dead, and was about to be married again, when Sir Francis, who was in the Bristol Channel, fired a cannon-ball that flew in at the church-window and fell between her and her intended 'second.' 'None could have done that but Sir Francis,' said the lady with a sigh, and so the ceremony was abruptly broken off." It would be hard to pick up a story of the humorous kind that would better tell, with so little self-consciousness, of rustic—or rather, moorland—hardihood than this of the farmer's wife caught in a dense fog on Dartmoor. She was heroine and philosopher and humorist in one. It was impossible for her to make her way on, so "she set down her basket with her groceries on the turf, and planted her gingham umbrella at ten strides from it, and spent the night walking from one to the other, addressing each now and then, so as to keep up her spirits.

To the groceries: Be yer lyin' comf'able there, my dears? Keep dry whatever yu dū, my büties.

To the gingham: Now, old neighbour, tesn't folded yu like to be in this sort o' weather. But us can't alwaz have what us likes i' this world, and mebbe t'aint gude us should.

To the groceries: Now, my perties, yu'll be better bym-by, won't ee, shuggar, when yu'm put into a nice warm cup o' tay? That'll be different from this drashy, dirty vog, I reckon.

To the gingham: Never mind. It's for rain yu'm spread. It would be demeanin' of yourself to stretch out all your boans agin' drizzlin' mist, for sure.

And, for finish, I quote the regretful exclamation of the old Cornish woman whose father had flourished in the fine old smuggling days. "Oh dear! Oh dear! What is the world coming to—for education and all kinds o' wickedness? Sure, there's no smuggling now, and poor folks han't got the means o' bettering themselves like proper Christians."

Are all the good English stories in the West? Do the bleak winds kill them in the Eastern counties? Or is there no man like Mr. Baring-Gould busy enough to be their chronicler? o. o.



THEATRE ROYAL AND OPERA HOUSE, RICHMOND, OPENED LAST MONDAY.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 20, 7.3; Thursday, 7.0; Friday, 6.58; Saturday, 6.55; Sunday, 6.54; Monday, 6.52; Tuesday, 6.50.

A topic one often hears discussed is the selfishness of cyclists. The idea is abroad that, though individually we may be a decent sort of people, as a class we are something beneath contempt. Contempt, like other things, dies hard, and the prehistoric description of us as "cads on castors," by what dear old Toole used to call the "hupper suckles," still clings. When a man gets into comfortable, easy-fitting clothes, when a good rollicking spin has shaken up his liver, and, after a week in the dull lethargy of a City office, his blood begins circulating freely, and life has a bright and rosy tint, he is certainly inclined to be just a little boisterous. It is, however, the boisterousness of good spirits, and not the boisterousness of bad manners. Have you never noticed at a club-run a sombreness of demeanour among the members, and how, twelve miles on, when there is the first pull-up for the first glass of milk, most of the fellows begin to ooze good-fellowship? So cyclists in the glow of enthusiasm, rolling along swiftly and easily, shouting to slow-moving pedestrians to clear out of the way, throwing a nasty remark at the drivers of obstructing carts, given to uproariousness, and possibly a little friendly horse-play in the bar-parlour of a favourite inn, do produce an effect on the mind of the humdrum non-rider that they are insolent, bad-mannered, and selfish. Of course, we are no better than anybody else; but we are no worse, except, in the full blush of exuberance of spirits, we are prone to be more demonstrative than those folks whose livers have not been shaken up.

Club-runs, however, this ebbing season, have certainly not been distinguished by any startling success in point of numbers. There are isolated cases of clubs who are able to show a quite phenomenal attendance. But, speaking generally, the club-run has fallen into disfavour. This is a pity, because there is a social side to club-meets that leads to delightful acquaintanceships. Next week I intend to write a few suggestions on this page, in the hope that fresh life may be thrown into clubs. Meanwhile, there is a point to which I would call the attention of not only clubs, but individual riders. We Britishers are a stolid, unemotional folk. Not infrequently, when I have been out for an afternoon spin, I have felt a little grieved at the way cyclists and groups of cyclists pass funeral processions. Most of us cycle for pleasure, and to persist in that pleasure when a sad procession is going by savours of the uncouth. Englishmen, as a rule, do not take off their hats when a hearse is passing. Here the foreigner, with all his faults, gives us a lesson. Also I have noticed abroad, when the dead are being carried by, or when a priest is hastening to administer the last rites of the Church to the dying, the cyclist invariably dismounts and stands, hat in hand, till they have passed. Now, to remove some of the public dislike to us, cannot we cyclists set the public a good example? It is a kindly and becoming act to dismount when a funeral comes along, or, at least, to slow down our pedalling and take off our caps till it has gone by.

Returning, however, to our ebullieny of spirits, and, as a class, our fondness for noise, why is it that club-calls have not "caught on" in England? In America, every club has its distinctive call, something between a song and an Indian war-whoop. Clubs are immensely popular in the States, and when the members mount for a run, the captain gives a signal, and then, for an instant, the air shakes with a dozen vigorous and cadenced shouts. Clubs get to know one another's call, and when they meet on the highways they greet shoutingly. The arrival of a club at an inn is heralded by a lusty yelling of the call. Were club-calls, however, to become popular in England, they would be another evidence, in the eyes of our detractors, we are a blatant lot. But the club-calls in America never struck my ear as in any way offensive. There is a club up in Manchester that has an anthem—"John Anderson my Jo." That, however, is not very enlivening.

Everything indicates that we are on the verge of mighty changes. Since the introduction of the pneumatic tyre, bicycle-manufacture has remained practically in one groove; and while there have been innumerable improvements, there have been no alterations of any remark

in the bicycles themselves. The bicycle made this year is little different from the bicycle of two years ago. But I cast my mind forward a couple of years, and I see bicycles which will show a vast change to present wheels. The free-wheel, as it is called—an awkward and not accurate description—will have taken firm hold of the public desire. If you have a beautiful machine, bought this year, and don't get a free-wheel, I am afraid you will be looked upon very much as you yourself now look upon the man who keeps to cushion-tyres. With the free-wheel is coming a high perfect brake. Then we are sure to have two-speed gears, so that, in a minute or two, the gear can be changed from suitability for riding a plain to riding over a mountain. Then, probably, there will be a new kind of fork, a spring-fork. The fork is the weakest part of the present-day bicycle; but a spring-fork will prevent the sudden snappages that have caused so much disaster. Last of all in the imminent round of changes will be the adoption of a hand auxiliary gear, to let the arms share the work of the legs in propulsion. All these things are being perfected. The public is slow to innovation; but what I have mentioned are highly serviceable changes, and, so far as I can judge, inevitable.

The free-wheel we have already with us. But, as I have said, the description is not an accurate description. Free-gear would be better. The word, however, does not easily slip off the tongue. I would like to call the free-wheel "the glider," for the sensation produced when riding is that of gliding over the road. But, then, one doesn't glide; it only feels like gliding. Still, "the glider" is more expressive; it is distinctive, and it does not smack of technical phraseology as free-wheel and free-gear do. It is as difficult to find a name for this new cycle as for a novelist to hit upon a striking title for a story.

A good thing is to learn to ride slowly. With practice, you can go at an absolute crawl, and I have known riders able to balance themselves without progressing an inch. A test of ability is to endeavour to ride slowly uphill. This on the face of it seems easy enough, but, as a matter of fact, it is much more difficult to ride slowly uphill than to ride slowly downhill. The other day there was a competition near Coventry between two riders, one going uphill and the other down, the winner to be the slowest. The man going down had by far the best of it, because he, by back-peddalling, had a firm control over the machine. He would have won easily had it not been he back-peddalled so well that he came to a standstill and fell off.

Enormous distances are covered in the twenty-four hours by professional riders—distances which a dozen years ago were undreamt of. But, with all the advantages of the modern bicycle, does the average tourist ride as far, in a day, as was ridden in the times of the solid-tyred

safety, or even in those of the high old ordinary? I think not. The tourist rider must now be in magnificent physical trim to do eighty or a hundred miles a-day. Indeed, he is regarded as something of a hero, and possibly he boasts. But, talk to an old-stager, and he will tell you yarns of rides of a hundred and a hundred and twenty miles a-day by old clubmen, and nothing being thought of it. And this, too, remember, on hard tyres. What is the reason? It is not that we are physically degenerate, surely?

A reason put forward lately, and undoubtedly the correct one, is that men in the old days rode far because they geared low. A low gear is not tiring, and though you may go slower, you will go further. High gears, nowadays popular, soon tire the rider. The high-g geared cyclist will ride faster than the low-g geared man; but he will be three times as fagged covering the same distance. Happily, all the nonsense written six months ago about high gears and long cranks by "experts" is by now nearly forgotten, and common sense again rules.

Who is the oldest cyclist? That honour is claimed for Mr. Isaac Charles Johnson, a Gravesend magistrate, now in his eighty-ninth year. Though old in years, he is young as a rider. He learnt only last year, and, like all novices, is an enthusiast. He is a teetotaler. Keeping off drink has brought him to his present age, and now, with the aid of the bicycle to keep him in continued good health, he confidently expects to rival Old Parr.

J. F. F.



MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER RECRUITING AT CROMER.

Photo by Mace and Mace, Cromer.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

I have one fresh item, and only one, to impart in connection with the Autumn Handicaps. It is that Sloan hopes to ride the winners of both the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. Jiffy II. must run well in the long race if he is delivered fit and sound at the post. His form behind Calveley was better than it looks on paper, and I think he will start first favourite for the race. He can stay the course, and is one of the improving sort. He will meet a tough opponent in Merman; but, should Sloan come through the ditch-gap well placed, I think he will get home all right. His mount in the Cambridgeshire will be on Sly Fox, and many good judges think the Handicapper has let this horse in too lightly. The horse showed excellent form in America last year, winning nine races out of twenty tries, and perhaps his best race was when he ran second to Hamburg at even weights for the Spring Special at Brooklyn.

The little weekly tipping-sheets come and go with monotonous frequency; and no wonder, seeing the methods adopted in their management. However people can be found to pay as much as half-a-crown and five shillings for papers about foolscap size is beyond my comprehension. But it is accounted for in a measure by the fact that your ardent gambler is sensitively superstitious, and he believes that anything new must be true. As the drowning man grasps the straw, so does the persistent speculator go for the modest sheet, only to find that he has got hold of a rotten reed. I am told that one or two owners of little weekly sporting papers change the name of their sheets two or three times

Many correspondents think that Pressmen have nothing else to do except to answer their queries. I get some very funny letters at times. Perhaps the strangest missive I ever received was a polite letter from a lady, enclosing three five-pound-notes, which she was sure I could turn into £50 for her to pay for her holiday. As a matter of fact, she had gone to Yarmouth on the very night of despatching my orders, and I could not return the money for several weeks. When I first took up with evening-paper work, a clever fellow used to send me a pen-and-ink sketch on a post-card every week. The authorities told me every one of these was a work of art (they surely could not have been done by Phil May). The subjects were well selected, and ranged from "Coe at Work," with pint-pot, scissors, paste, and guide-books *in extenso*, to "The surprise of Coe at having actually found a winner S. P. 100 to 8 on." I fancy my old friend is earning too much money by his pencil to waste any more time on his old enemy.

One or two of my friends tell me that they are going to give sport under National Hunt Rules one more trial, and, if the results at the end of the approaching season are not favourable, they intend to cut the sport for good and all. As I have urged for years, it is necessary to get some of the big owners of flat-racers to take up with steeplechasing before the sport will be a success, and I do not see why the National Hunt Committee and the Jockey Club should not be amalgamated. This would, I am sure, be the means of recruiting mounts of the right sort to the jumping business. Under existing circumstances, the leather-flapping business is the mainstay of the game, and the poor professional



YARMOUTH RACES: SIR JOHN BLUNDELL MAPLE'S PETRIDGE (TOMMY LOATES) PULLING UP AFTER WINNING THE HASTINGS NURSERY HANDICAP.

during the season if they should happen to have a long sequence of losers. Carlyle's "mostly fools" are easily preyed upon.

For the special benefit of whom it may concern, I am going to relate a little personal experience. When riding my bicycle recently down through the New Forest, I had a slight spill, and landed on my elbow. For a week or two it pained badly, and I decided on a visit to a specialist, as I thought I might have fractured the bone. He used the Röntgen Rays, and by their aid I could see that the bone was uninjured, the pain emanating, as it turned out, from a strained muscle. I mention this circumstance for the benefit of amateur riders and steeplechase jockeys, who are all the time meeting with accidents. They should resort to the X-rays if they are in doubt about the nature of an accident, for it is wonderful how soon a cure is worked when the patient can see with his own eyes that no bones are broken. Lord Lister was, I believe, able, by the aid of the rays, to locate the mischief to the Prince of Wales's injured knee, and it cannot be too widely known that a fracture can be properly mended by the aid of the new treatment.

Sam Loates has a great chance of finishing at the head of the winning jockeys' list this year. He has been riding throughout the season with marked success, and the more credit is due to him because he has often had to ride some very bad horses, which pulled his average down. Loates has ridden for me on several occasions, and I always found that he faithfully obeyed his orders. He is a resolute finisher, and, what is more, he is not afraid to come through his horses if only half an opening presents itself. T. Loates is also a very capable jockey, but he has had some bad luck in his riding, as Mr. L. de Rothschild's horses have been dead out of form. The elder brother, C. Loates, better known as Ben, often rides in trials, but is seldom seen riding on a racecourse now. Ben is one of the most useful trial-riders at Newmarket, where, in his younger days, he invariably got first away in the races in which he rode.

jockeys find it hard work to earn an honest crust. Gentlemen riders who don silk for pleasure should be encouraged, but those who are known to ride for the purposes of gain only ought to be boycotted.

As I have many times before stated, the railway arrangements for race-meetings in the North of England are far better than they are in the South. Anyone who has been to the Grand National must have noticed the wonderful despatch with which the scores of thousands of passengers came to and fro without a hitch. The secret, I take it, is in the system of barriers dividing the classes on the platform, but it must be borne in mind that no second-class tickets are issued. I think the South Country railways could run their race traffic with first and third tickets only. They might then adopt the barrier system. This would enable them to run mixed fast trains that would give the gallery division a chance to get down to the suburban meetings cheaply and quickly. The system pays well in the North, and I feel certain it would pay even better in the South of England.

When there is no racing at Newmarket the place is usually dull, and yet the flat-race jockeys manage somehow to enjoy themselves there in the off-season. Billiards, pigeon-shooting, dancing, hunting, and golf are the chief pastimes of our knights of the pigskin. But, mark you, the swagger jockey thinks it to be *infra dig.* to hunt with the local packs. He despatches his hunting stud to the Midlands, and hunts four days per week over the Leicester country. M. Cannon, whose principal amusements are hunting, shooting, and yachting, follows both the New Forest Foxhounds and Stagounds. N. Robinson is often to be seen in the Vale of White Horse country, and T. Loates sometimes spends a few days at Ascott to get a gallop or two with Lord Rothschild's Stagounds. C. Wood, who used to hunt a pack of hounds on the South Coast himself, is a straight rider to hounds; and J. Watts is a rum 'un to follow and a bad 'un to beat in the hunting-field. The list of jockeys who patronise the hunting-field might be extended indefinitely. CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

Never before in the history of the world, surely, has a consensus of opinion been so widespread, so universal, as that which now expresses the horror all good men and true must feel at the cowardly and malignant verdict just issued by a discredited French tribunal. It is only a race which produced the tigers of the Revolution that *could*, surely, carry flagrant and furious injustice so far. The honour of France has indeed been trailed in the mire by a group of self-glorious boasters, and, since no feeling of mercy or even the dread of public opinion has been made to weigh with them, perhaps the universal boycott of the Exhibition which has now been proposed may reach the tenderer instinct of a nation whose heart is ever in such near sympathy with its pocket. In America, where woman's voice is ever weighty in council, an association has even been influentially started which binds its members to renounce the allurements of French frocks and all that appertains thereto, and so practically convince Frenchmen of its feeling, until this great wrong has been righted.

The idea is an excellent one, and I could wish that Englishwomen would follow their spirited Transatlantic sisters in a similar campaign of renouncement. No punishment will be found more far-reaching and effectual by "Jacques Bonhomme" than that which promises to imperil the total of his yearly sum in francs; and, though deaf to all else, he may be brought to a measure of reason when the attenuation of his own income may actually depend on the fate of one hapless fellow-creature.

Although only those who are under the ban of necessity have yet



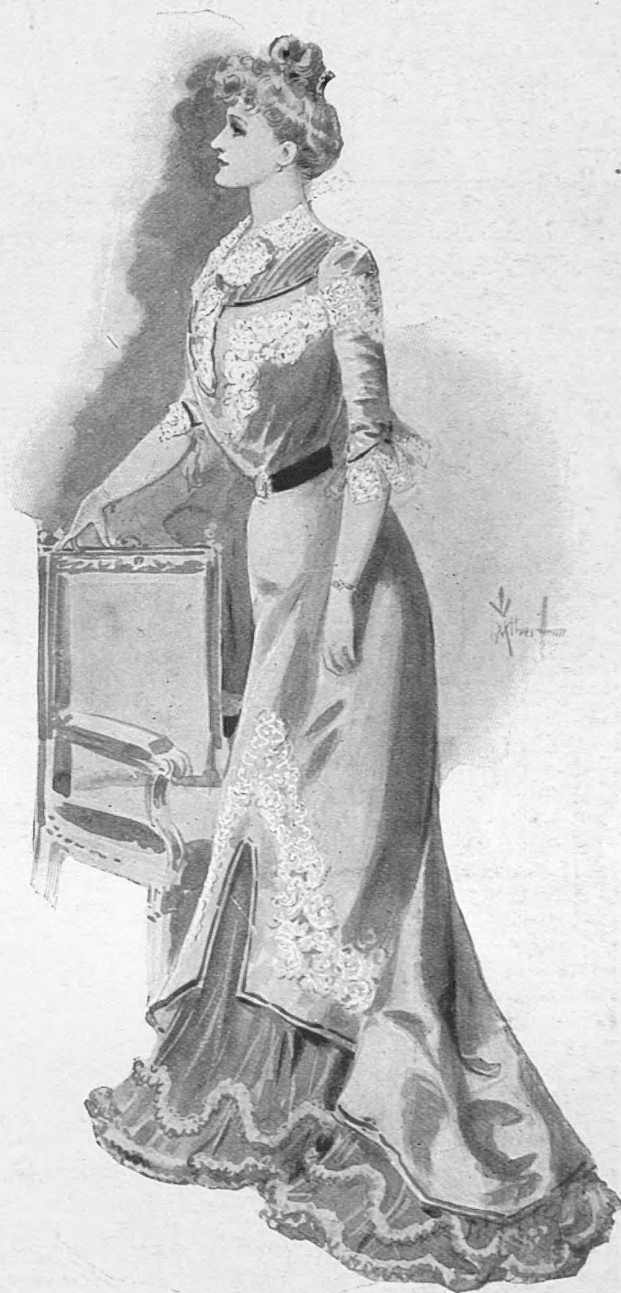
[Copyright.]

A SMART WALKING-DRESS.

revisited glimpses of town, yet a good many of the well-dressed and well-bestowed are already to be seen dining at the various smart West-End hotels and restaurants which our modern undomestic manners have raised into such a vogue of late years.

The question of how to dress at these centres of revelry has again

been raised since the advent and exodus of a tourist in tweed with a lady in a tailor-made at a well-known restaurant some weeks ago. Both were requested to leave by the proprietor, on the ground that they were unsuitably attired for an occasion to which all others came in evening-dress. A great deal of altercation and recrimination ensued, which, in



[Copyright.]

A RECEPTION TOILETTE.

my simple judgment, would have been rendered unnecessary had the proprietor provided a room in which all persons coming in mufti might dine at their own unornamental ease and pleasure. There is, of course, a good deal to be said on both sides, and the managers of such recognised haunts of the Social Elect as, say, Prince's Restaurant, the Carlton Hotel, the Cecil, and others, may well be pardoned for objecting to the returned rough diamond of Cape, Klondyke, or other backwoods foregathering in the near neighbourhood of silk and diamonds (not to mention accompanying faultless swallow-tails), unless previously clothed according to the right mind of convention. Of course, the unpolished diamond aforesaid may object and call the innkeeper's statute to his aid; but, with a separate dining-room devoted to tweed and all other conventions of morning attire, the incongruous element would very soon eliminate itself from fashionable restaurants without the *peine forte et dure* of dismissal on one side or judicial citation on the other.

Meanwhile, a fashion that seems to gradually gain ground abroad at casinos, restaurants, and other resorts where modish folk do assemble is the notion of wearing, or rather, combining, décolletée dresses with hats of the picture order. At Monte Carlo the practice has been established for some seasons past, and this year several well-known Englishwomen affected the style at Homburg with distinctly picturesque results; therefore, why could not the notion be applied to those of our dining-out evenings at home which are not spent at friends' houses or set banquets of any sort? The picture-hat and low-cut gown would soon become the recognised restaurant form, and, while being exceedingly becoming and convenient in many ways, would effectively

settle a vexed question and satisfactorily mark the line of demarcation between the evening "in" and the evening "out" in appointing itself the officially recognised uniform of the evening "off."

It will not altogether delight many people to know that bonnets are coming in again, and not alone bonnets *pur et simple*, but bonnets with the additional aggravation of ribbon strings. It is pleaded by those who introduce them that they are becoming; but this is an argument that cannot be allowed to pass unquestioned, for nothing more adds to one's already acquired weight of years than such matronly form of headgear. But this is not all. The very newest and most lately introduced mantles are a revision of the old dolman-shape, with long stole-ends hanging in



[Copyright.]

A STITCHED TAILOR-MADE COSTUME.

front and a folded fichu of the cloth about the shoulders. Could the wiles and guiles of dressmaking autocrats intent on making twenty-five look thirty do more?

Transverse draperies seem to come in for more than a mere measure of favour, and are now appearing not alone in outdoor driving-coats, like those alluded to in last week's issue, but in evening-gowns as well. One which greatly obtained with my critical fancy was a white tabinet of poplin, made with a long curved tunic, over-train, and petticoat of ivory lace. The tunic, fastened up at one side, and fitting tightly over the figure, was literally a mirror of form—one, too, which only a distinctly slender woman might wear with any effect. For dames more generously proportioned, the newly revived Empire evening-gown, with loose front and sweeping train, seems to offer a more sympathetic horizon. Nor will a further opportunity of choice be lacking if desired, for those charming eighteenth-century panniers are included on the roll-call of things to be, and one of the materials selected to meet this style is the "velours au sable" of the same period, with its little posies of differently coloured flowers scattered over the surface. In this connection, I may also mention that "panne" has by no means died the death, and may be certainly counted on to form part of the newest winter evening-dresses, either embroidered, overlaid with lace incrustations, or spangled with gold or silver sequins in combination with quantities of lace.

Seeing that the skin-tight gowns of our present and past affections are by no means abating their clinging qualifications, a clever inventor of modes has brought out a combination of corset, balayouse, and costume

which paints the lily of the mode by emphasising the fit and figure of both dress and wearer. The bodice is as stiffly boned as the corset which it supplants, while more than two inches is saved in circumference by the adoption of this really "cunning" idea. Naturally, as each bodice requires to be treated in this way, the notion cannot altogether be described as an economical one. But, then, such departures are not intended for, or possible to, suburban-villa society, which makes its own hats and never runs to more than two inconsiderable figures for its dress allowance. A quite delightful dinner-dress built in this manner as to the corsage, and with a full balayouse to replace the outer petticoat, was of pink satin in a rather bright shade, two skirts covering that of the satin, one being of pink mousseline-de-soie, and the other a tightly shaped shield tunic of white silk mousseline thickly incrustated with patterns cut out of a delicate Chantilly flounce, which were, furthermore, oversewn with small steel paillettes. The bodice, crossed over at one side, had little strappings and rosettes of black velvet to emphasise its colouring; and a more admirably composed and fitted gown it would be difficult to desire or obtain.

SYBIL.

HUGH OF THE HILL.

He dwells where the hills brood green
O'er the yellow shore;
A thousand years he's seen,
And a thousand more.
His hair is dark as the night,
And gray as the sea
Are the wonderful eyes whose light
Grows soft for me.

Hugh of the Hill has seen
Colleens galore
Barefooted on the green
Edge of the shore.
Now they are laid away
Under the earth,
Grow neither sad nor gay
For a fairy's mirth.

Hugh of the Hill has made
Some sore hearts glad;
He has bidden the strong be afraid,
And the merry sad.
He has given fairy gold,
And would give more;
He has kissed the warm mouth cold,
And the light heart sore.

Hugh of the Hill, I know,
Loves me to-day.
It is not he will go,
Grown tired, away.
But I shall go from the hearth,
And spin no more,
To the quiet bosom of Earth
That is cradle and door.

Hugh of the Hill, to-night
Is only our own.
Kiss me and hold me tight—
Lest I be gone
Into a chamber dark,
Where you cannot come,
Where you shall call and hark,
And I lie dumb.

Now I can hold you close,
And answer and hear,
And kiss as a woman knows
When her heart holds fear.
So short is my time to flower,
So long you will
Seek love, and be glad but an hour,
Hugh of the Hill!

NORA HOPPER.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the offices of the International News Company, 83 and 85, Duane Street, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A., Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, New Zealand.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 27.

THE SITUATION.

The Market (if by that expression is conveyed to the reader the vast majority of the members of the Stock Exchange) steadily refuses to believe in actual war. Ultimatums there may be, scares by the dozen, but war—well, no. Mr. Kruger, so the House argues, will procrastinate up to the last moment, but, if it comes to actual business, will not be so mad as to fight, especially as the demands which we have made are really very moderate, and the granting of all that is asked will not, during the President's lifetime at any rate, lead to an appreciable alteration in the government of the Transvaal. The Market view may be wrong; the Boers may get out of hand, and, as everybody knows, rifles sometimes go off by mistake and spoil the best-laid plans; but that the South African Republic will deliberately force us into war, with the practical certainty of losing its independence, the Stock Exchange refuses to believe, and we agree with the Stock Exchange. While the Market takes this hopeful view, it is only fair to say that many members—probably the majority—would almost welcome war as a relief from the continuance of the present, and apparently everlasting, strained situation. Business is paralysed, the public refuses to deal, and nobody knows what to-morrow will bring forth, whereas, as soon as the first shot is fired, there will be at least something to go for Transvaal 5 per cent. bonds would, we suppose, drop heavily in case of actual hostilities, and then would be a really good purchase, for, whichever way the victory went, the bondholders must come out on top.

This week we give an illustration of a typical gold-mine on the well-known Bendigo (or Sandhurst) Goldfield of Victoria, where there are over nine miles of gold-bearing reefs, and the most scientific mining in Australia is carried on. Payable quartz is now being extracted on this field in Lansell's famous 180 Mine, and others, at over 3000 feet from the surface, and to what depth the unique saddle formations are likely to be found is a problem still unsolved.

INDIAN RAILWAY STOCKS.

In these days of eager search after new stockings into which to put money, the Indian Railway list has been rather overlooked. It was a list beloved of adventurous trustees, who, in their anxiety to secure a better income than could be obtained from English Railway gilt-edged securities, were quite willing to take the risk of finding some day that their investments had been discovered to be without the pale of strict Trust requirements. As a matter of fact, as Macaulay's schoolboy knows, this discovery has been made in the case of one or two of the companies within the last few months, and consequently there has resulted a bit of a shake-out among stockholders in Indian Railways.

Lord Curzon's recent speeches at Simla and other towns, outlining a more enterprising policy on the part of the Government as regards railways, have a healthy ring about them which should comfort the hearts of present holders, and also turn the attention of others to this class of investment. The prices of Indian Railway stocks are now low compared with what they have been for the last three years, and the yield which can be obtained ranges from 3 to 4 per cent. A return of 3½ per cent. is to be got by mixing several of the best stocks—that is, of course, without allowing anything for repayment at par, or their ultimate extinction. In the latter event, the Government would pay stockholders a price to be agreed upon, and arrived at by calculations of average market price for a certain number of years.

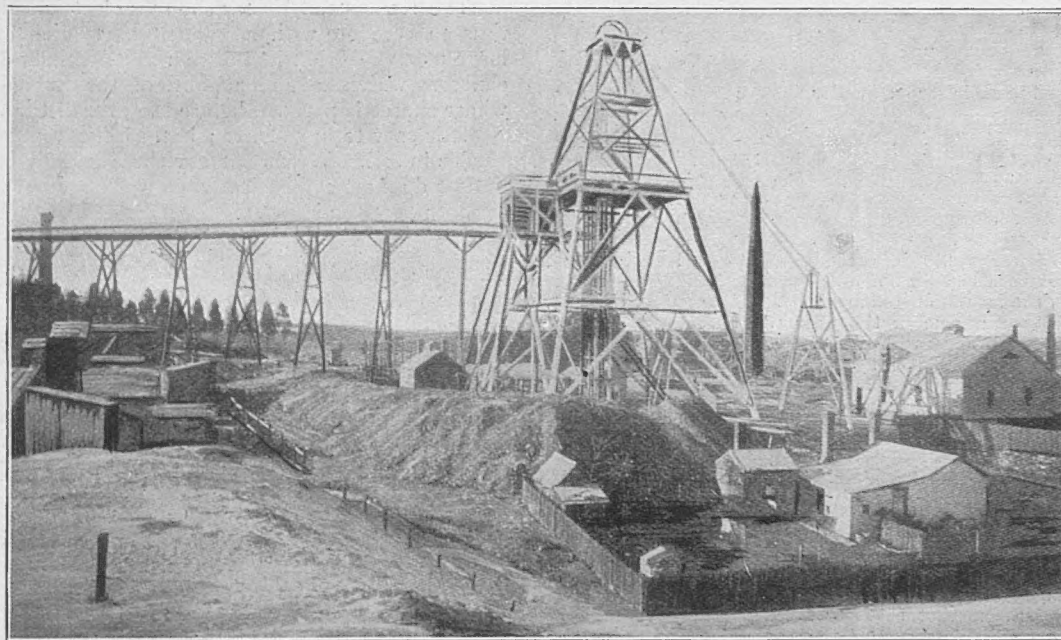
Famine, plague, drought—these are some of the things that India has to contend with, and there is, in addition, the ever-fluctuating exchange to be considered; but, taking one year with another, the Railways manage to pay very well on the whole; and whatever new lines may eventually be opened, they can only serve as feeders to the existing companies, because it isn't likely that the Government would permit competition with lines many of which are already, to a certain extent, guaranteed by India herself. With its present depreciated prices, the Indian Railway Market is well worth watching, even if the present may not prove exactly the best moment for the investor to enter it.

AN INVESTMENT TRUST.

Taking £1000 as the basis of our calculation, we offer the following investment "Trust" to those of our readers who wish to spread their money over five securities, with a view to equalising risks, and desire to be able to anticipate with every reasonable certainty the income which they may expect from their money—

	Price.	Income.
15 Nobel's Dynamite Trust	£252 ...	£18 0 0
200 Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary	160 ...	8 0 0
10 San Paulo Gas	165 ...	10 0 0
50 Copiapo Copper	185 ...	25 0 0
200 Mexican National First Mortgage	210 ...	12 0 0
Total	£972 ...	£73 0 0

Of the above securities, the first requires very little comment; the company does a very large business, and the dividend is not likely to fluctuate much. The Buenos Ayres and Rosario Railway has been, and is, doing well; for the thirty-six weeks of the financial year to date there has been an increase in the traffics of £107,657, and the interim dividend of 4 per cent. may possibly be improved upon, to say nothing of the prospects of amalgamation with the Central Argentine line. The San Paulo Gas shares are looked upon even by the most conservative brokers as a very fair investment, whose dividend can be reckoned with more than ordinary certainty; and Mexican National First Mortgage Bonds, considering the steady improvement in the country, appear cheap and attractive at £110. The traffics are most encouraging, and during the last ten weeks have shown an increase of 135,645 dollars. The only question in our mind is whether it might not be more profitable to buy some of the junior securities. Of course, Copiapo shares are the most speculative investment on our list. The company is moderately capitalised at £200,000, and, even in the worst times of copper, managed to make a profit. The last dividend was 5s. 6d. a-share, and it is quite upon the cards that, with the present price of the metal, this distribution might be kept up each quarter; but we have preferred to take a conservative estimate, and assume the lower return of 5s. each half-year. As a speculative purchase, we would willingly buy the next twelve months' dividends at 10s. a-share. For those of our readers who



BENDIGO: A TYPICAL GOLD-MINE.

will not venture into even a copper-mine, we suggest £200 Indian Midland Railway, costing £216 and yielding £8 a-year, which would still leave a return of 5 per cent. on the investment of £1000.

YANKEES.

A very little business and a great deal of playing form the principal features of the American Market. Had anyone foreshadowed the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and announced a month ago that it would take place so soon, prices would have fallen prone at the very idea. As it was, of course, the tragical event left only a transient impression on the market—nothing like that produced by the death of Mr. James Flower a month or two back, when quotations for a few days staggered seriously.

The Money Market is at this instant the most potent factor to be considered by the speculator in Yankees. We say the speculator, because an investor is not troubled by such passing influences. He looks far ahead, taking small count of the daily movements up or down. But the majority of American Railway shareholders in this country are speculators, swayed by every wind that blows across the Atlantic. Wall Street says to them, "Buy when prices are high, and sell when they are low," knowing from long usage the ready obedience of the British public. But the latter hates dear money almost as much as debit differences, and 6 per cent. was the general rate for "contangoing" Yankees last Wednesday. It is too heavy to encourage business.

Investors are buying Louisville, high as the price looks; but there is a disposition to shun Milwaukee at the present prohibitive value and in consequence of the disappointing dividend. The wheat crop, however, is being estimated at record figures, and the great St. Paul line should reap large benefit therefrom if the statisticians prove correct. Eries and other Coaler lines come into spasmodic demand. New York Centrals will recover to the quotation at which they stood before Vanderbilt's death. The price is now 140, and 147½ is the highest attained this year.

KAFFIRS AND KANGAROOS.

It will probably be a game of see-saw in the Kaffir Circus for several weeks to come. The account open is very small, and the case for the rise is eagerly defended by every jobber in the market, even by those who are short of shares. The large financial houses have stood to the support of the market with commendable courage, and the floating supply of stock is extremely limited, while what there is remains in strong hands. The nervous "bull" of fifty East Rand or a hundred Randfontein has gradually been eliminated, and when a riselet comes along, as it usually does once or twice a week, there is no frantic haste to sell, so that the position of the Kaffir Market is an inherently strong one, calm and hopeful.

We wish we could say the same about Rhodesians. The native labour difficulty, however, militates sorely against the fond expectations of believers in Geelong, Bonsor, and the like. The output for last month is only 3179 ounces, whereas six months ago it reached its record of 6614 ounces. The disputes between the Chartered Company and its settlers have naturally tended to restrict mining operations, and the Rhodesian Market altogether has passed an unhappy week. Our readers know the doubts we have thrown over Rhodesian gold for years, and the recent results look as if our information was much nearer the mark than that of the optimists.

A welcome reduction of the "bull" account was revealed by the last carrying-over of West Australians, but the market is still handicapped by weakness within its own gates. Lame ducks are all too abundant, and until these gentlemen's accounts are digested it is vain to look for another rise. The Lake View crushing proved too good for the "bears," but when a one-pound share stands at 23½, it forms a tempting target for the seller's mark. We counsel those of our readers who bought Globes when we advised a purchase at a pound to secure their 50 per cent. profit. The money might be put into British Americas at 1½, Boulder South at 3, or Brookman's Boulder.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

"Cette canaille de K——!" exclaimed a dealer in the Kaffir Market last night, as he ruefully contemplated the four bargains which represented his day's work. And really there is some excuse for the wrathful indignation of brokers and dealers alike, who, seeing the trade of the country expanding by leaps and bounds, are almost the only class in the community deriving no benefit from the commercial "boom." My clients say they are waiting only for a decent fall to buy Kaffirs for all they're worth, but while things are so uncertain they won't add to their present holdings. In the market one hears the most contradictory contentions. The outbreak of war would, in one man's view, lead to a slump such as the House has never experienced since it was opened in 1601. Opinionist Number Two laughs to scorn the idea of any slump. "War," says he, "is just what we are waiting for prior to commencing the 'boom.' Everyone knows it will be only a short affair, and you brokers will come tumbling head-over-heels to execute your clients' buying orders directly the first shot is fired." But the whole weight of Stock Exchange talk is thrown in the No-War scale, and if by any evil chance the troops face each other, then I am sorry for holders of South Africans. For the time being, that is to say; the sharper the fall, the greater the revulsion. Keep your Kaffirs if you have them, and, if you haven't any, buy yourself a few Randfontein about 2½.

"A bas Drayfoo! A bas Drayfoo!" yelled the Yankee Market with sarcastic irony, as it gathered round one of its *habitués* unfortunate enough to claim some foreign extraction, not to mention red—I beg pardon, I mean orange-coloured—hair. The first attribute was all that was needed to arouse the teasing propensities of the American jobbers. One of their number made an immense "hit" by rapidly sketching a cartoon of the subject and holding it aloft. This so tickled the humorous side of the market that for fifteen minutes it devoted itself to pandemoniumising its special corner of the House. It shook with laughter, it chortled with delight, at having found a victim upon whose devoted head could be emptied its stores of indignation at the Dreyfus foregone conclusion. The Home Railway Market tried hard to "boo" down the American, because it was too far off to see the joke, and perhaps wanted to advertise itself as well. The final act of the drama showed the hero—or villain—borne high upon a dozen struggling shoulders, and then, as he pushed his panting way towards the door, he was loudly cheered at having stood the chaff so good-naturedly. The real Frenchman who got into the Kaffir Market on the previous day went further and fared worse—much worse. But I draw a veil over that scene.

Readers of *The Sketch* who bought North British upon its advice have every reason to be satisfied with the dividend. It was well up to the most sanguine market expectations, and those who had predicted a lower rate than last year had no hesitation in ascribing the announcement to the keen anxiety of the new Board to retain the stockholders' suffrages. Rather a mean thing to suggest, all the same. At all events, the North British has done considerably better, comparatively, than either the Caledonian or the "Ayrshire" lines, and the stock, as an improving security, still looks attractive. Dover "A" and Chatham are naturally off colour on the boycott propositions regarding the Paris Exposition next year. Considering the competition that prevailed amongst intending exhibitors for space in the Exposition, and also considering the extremely short memories of folks as a whole, I don't think that there will be much evidence of "boycott" when the opening day comes, long after *l'affaire* has been practically forgotten by all but soldiers and historians. Therefore, "bulls" of Doras and of Chatham, pluck up your feeble hearts!

Telegraph Companies' stocks are having another bad time of it, Eastern Ordinary being lower than it has touched for the last five years. The company is passing through a variety of tribulations now, and it is difficult to see how even the present price of 148 can be maintained when the new cable gets to work. Until then, however, the Eastern possesses every prospect of doing splendid trade. Its wires to South Africa are taxed to their full extent, and, provided hostilities keep away, there should be an increased dividend at the end of the current half-year, lately begun. If the Company pays its messengers in the same way as the Government wire-boys round the House are salaried, those youngsters should be making their fortunes. Stock Exchange telegraph-messengers, by the way, are mostly paid by "piece-work." For every nine wires delivered they receive fourpence, and a smart lad easily makes 15s. a-week in busy times, while some have been known to earn a sovereign.

I invested in a copy of "Old Moore's Almanack" for 1900 the other day, in order to see exactly what sort of markets we should be having, say, some fifteen months hence. "Bulls" of Westralians will be overjoyed to learn that in December after next "Great news will come to us about Christmas from Australia,

Several fine discoveries of the precious metals will be made." Equally comforting to the holders of certain kinds of shares will it be to know that they have only to keep their certificates till October 1900, when the old gentleman "would not be surprised if we enjoyed quite a 'boom' in certain stocks which for a long time had no market value." Can the wish be father to the thought, we wonder? Or has the prediction anything to do with the other for February, when we are to look out for a sudden "boom" in wild-cats, which will have no good effect on prices? But the worst intelligence of all comes in January, when we read that news will arrive from Cape Town in regard to Oom Paul which will be both impolitic and improper. Impolitic, I can, by a terrific stretch of my imagination, imagine Oom Paul to be; but improper—? Someone ought, as Arthur Roberts would observe, to speak to Mrs. Kruger. At least, such is the humble view of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

THE HAMPSTEAD ELECTRIC LIGHT AGAIN.

It is curious that so many outside brokers have both Preference and Ordinary shares of this company to dispose of, and we should like very much to know where the shares come from. The directors have already publicly stated that they have nothing to do with the touting which is going on, and we accept what they say without reservation; but it is clear that *somebody* must have a big block which he wishes to turn into cash, and that Messrs. Sims, Newman, and Co. are to get a pretty stiff commission on the shares they can dispose of to cover their outlay in stamps, printing, and advertising. We have already warned our readers against being victimised, and for some few weeks the various touts appear to have been quiet; but the campaign is evidently again about to be started, so that it is as well to repeat the warning. The Hampstead Electric Supply Company shares are exactly the thing to catch flats; it all looks so solid, and you can quote so many concerns, which on their face appear to be of a like nature, whose stock is at a fine premium, that many thoughtless persons would be readily induced to buy; so, when mines get a bit played out, the tout can turn, in the full assurance of hope, to the solid "Home Industrial," and be sure to make a bit.

The Hampstead Vestry supplies electric-light, and the company has thus to compete with a public body which does not require to make large profits, so that its position is essentially different from that of the concerns which have monopolies of the other districts, and the price of whose shares is paraded before the eyes of the unwary.

It is easy to buy shares; but, as the touting circulars prove, much harder to sell. We do not say the company is a hopelessly rotten one, but we do most emphatically warn our readers against purchasing under the idea that the investment is on a par, or on anything like a par, with one in such companies as the Westminster, the St. James's, or the Charing Cross.

NEW ISSUE.

The Jamaica Produce and Transport Association, Limited, with a capital of £320,000, divided into 300,000 Ordinary shares and 20,000 Deferred shares of £1 each, of which the whole of the Ordinary shares are now offered for subscription. The concern is one to which everyone in this country will wish success. Its objects are pretty well defined in its name, and it appears to be the first determined effort made in England to assist the West Indies by affording facilities and adequate capital for placing the fruits and other products of the principal British island on the home market. An arrangement has been entered into whereby the Association will receive from the Government of Jamaica a sum of money for the carrying of mails and other purposes equal to 3 per cent. on the share capital. The Deferred shares take no dividend until 7½ per cent. has been paid on the Ordinary capital.

Saturday, Sept. 16, 1899.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, *The Sketch* Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondents' Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

CLARE.—We presume you mean our opinion on the merits, not on the immediate prospect of rise or fall. The question of peace or war will govern the latter far more than the actual values. If the shares were our own, we should hold them all at present, selling any on a fair profit, which you may reasonably expect in nearly every case if the war scare goes off.

APPLE.—We prefer No. 1, but would rather buy Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock than either.

W. C.—We do not care for the shares, as the concern was over-capitalised, but it is at present doing well, we hear.

FOREIGNER.—(1) The "P. and O." office is No. 122, Leadenhall Street, E.C., but the company does not deal in shares or help shareholders to buy or sell. You can deal through any respectable broker on the Stock Exchange with ease. If you wish, we will give you the name of half-a-dozen firms on whom you can rely. (2) If you write to the company and ask of how many shares your late husband is the registered proprietor, the secretary will probably tell you, or by attending at the office, and paying one shilling, you can look at the register and see at once how many shares stand in his name. The certificate having been lost is no evidence that he had sold, and, from what you say, we expect the shares are still standing in his name.

O. F. P.—Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary might suit you, or Nobel Dynamite shares.

INVESTOR.—See the Trust which we give this week, from which you might select two or three things.

The secretary of J. W. Benson, Limited, asks us to say that the transfer-books of the Four per Cent. Perpetual Mortgage Debenture Stock of this company will be closed from the 19th to the 30th inst., inclusive, for the purpose of making up the interest warrants.

The Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, Limited, give notice that the transfer-books of the 5 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares will be closed from Sept. 14 to 30, inclusive, for the preparation of dividend warrants.